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SPECIAL  
48-PAGE  
ISSUE!

# CHARLEMAGNE



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OCTOBER 12, 1973.  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY...

THE STATE MOTTO READS,  
"UNITED WE STAND,  
DIVIDED WE FALL."

THAT'S A PROVERB 12-YEAR-OLD  
CHARLES SMITH HAS KEPT IN HIS  
HEART FROM THE MOMENT HIS  
BROTHER LEFT FOR VIETNAM...

...AND WAS REPORTED  
MISSING-IN-ACTION.

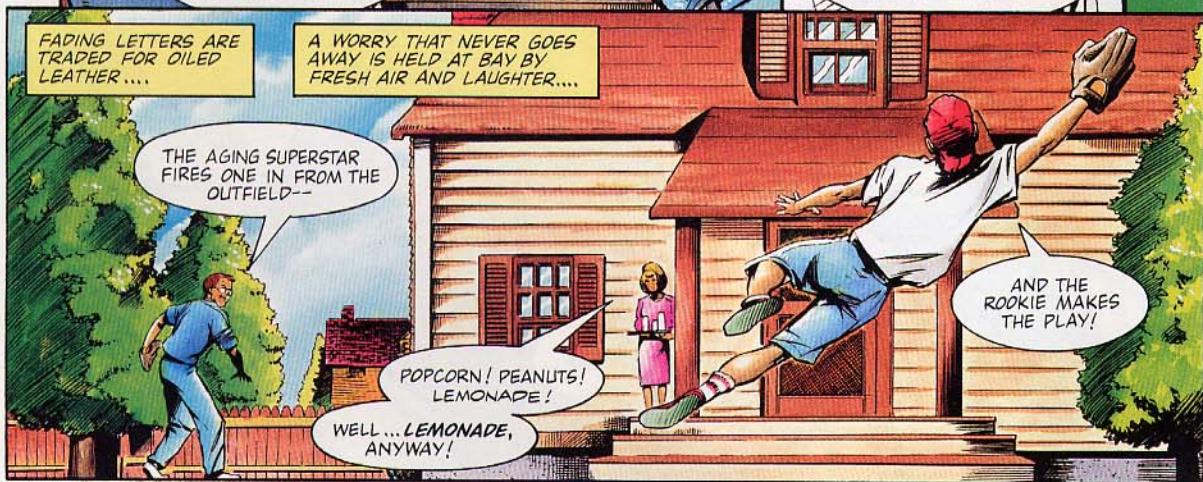
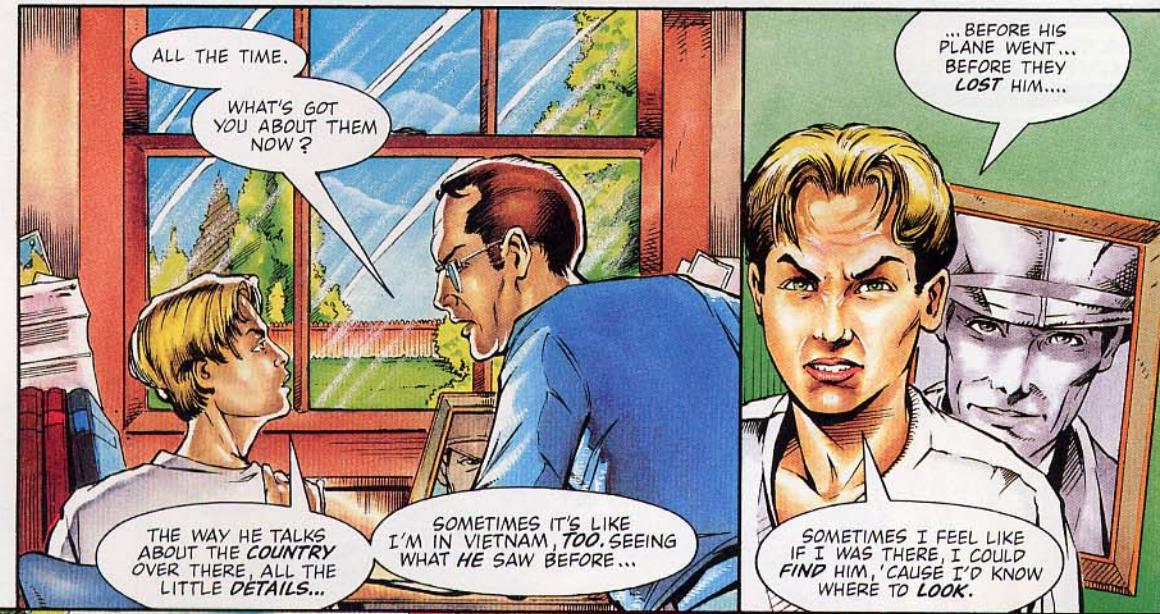
IT'S OKAY TO MISS  
YOUR BROTHER, CHARLIE...  
BUT PETE WOULDN'T WANT  
YOU MISSING OUT ON A  
DAY LIKE TODAY!

WHATTA YOU  
SAY? GET OUT  
THERE WITH THE  
OLD MAN, THROW  
ONE AROUND?

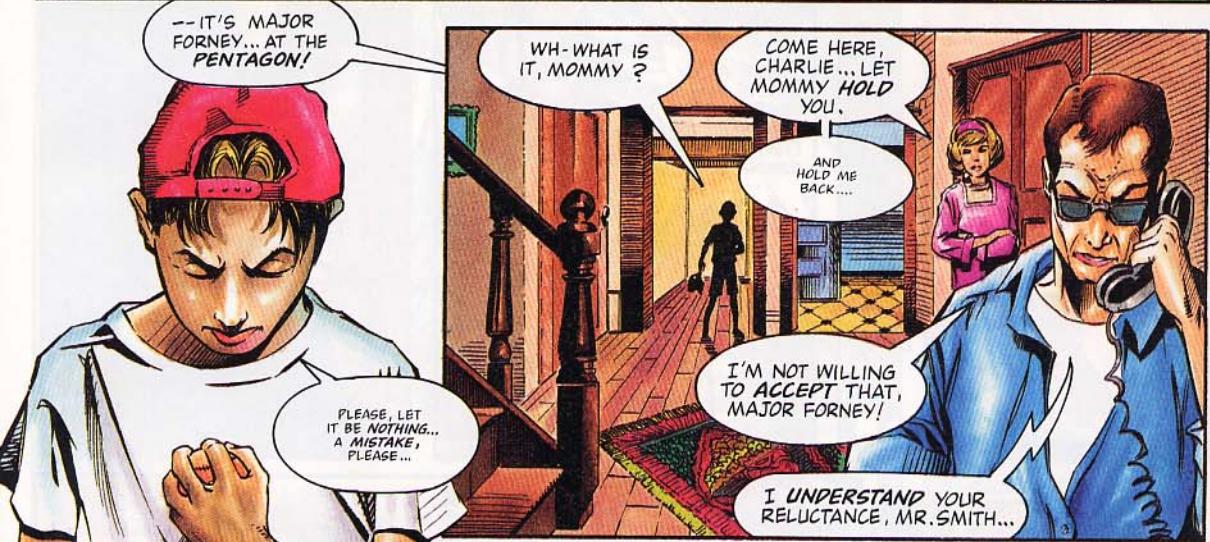
D'YA EVER  
READ HIS LETTERS,  
DAD?

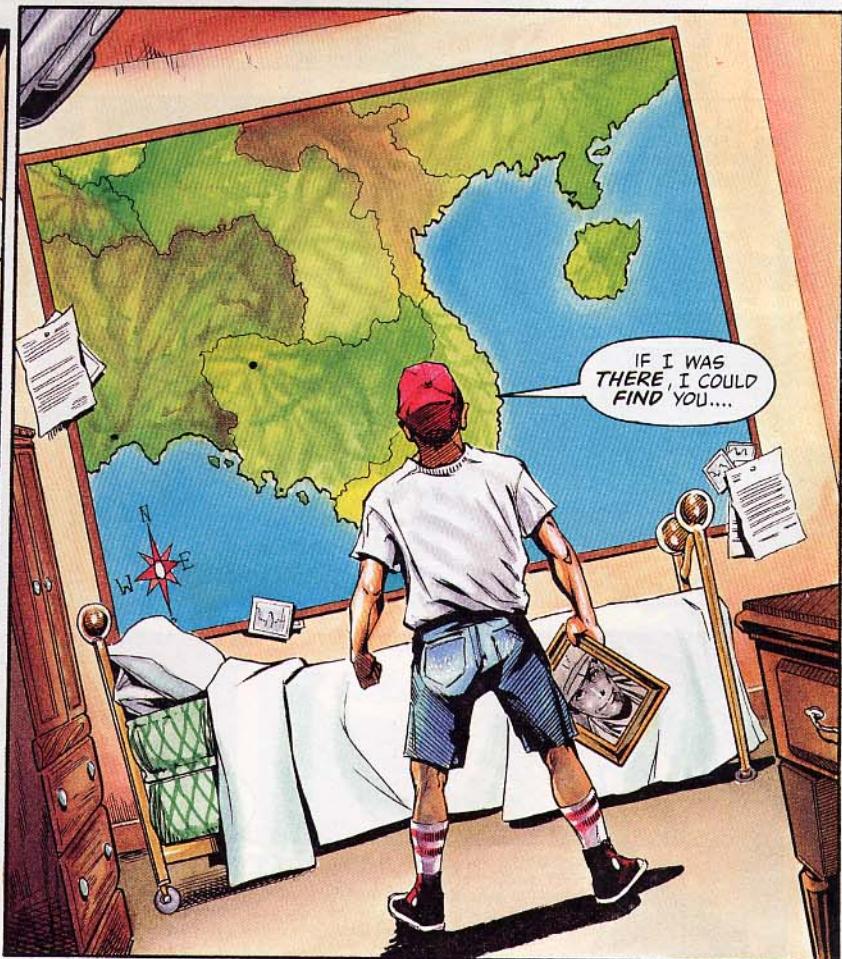
PLOTTED BY JIM SHOOTER,  
PHILLIP NUTMAN, ADAM POLLINA,  
DEBORAH PURCELL, AND  
D.G. CHICHESTER  
WRITTEN BY D.G. CHICHESTER  
PENCILED BY ADAM POLLINA  
INKED BY MIKE WITHERBY  
PAINTED BY OCLAIR  
LETTERED BY MINDY EISMAN  
EDITED BY DEBORAH PURCELL  
CREATED BY JIM SHOOTER  
AND DEBORAH PURCELL  
DEVELOPED BY JIM SHOOTER,  
DEBORAH PURCELL, AND  
ADAM POLLINA

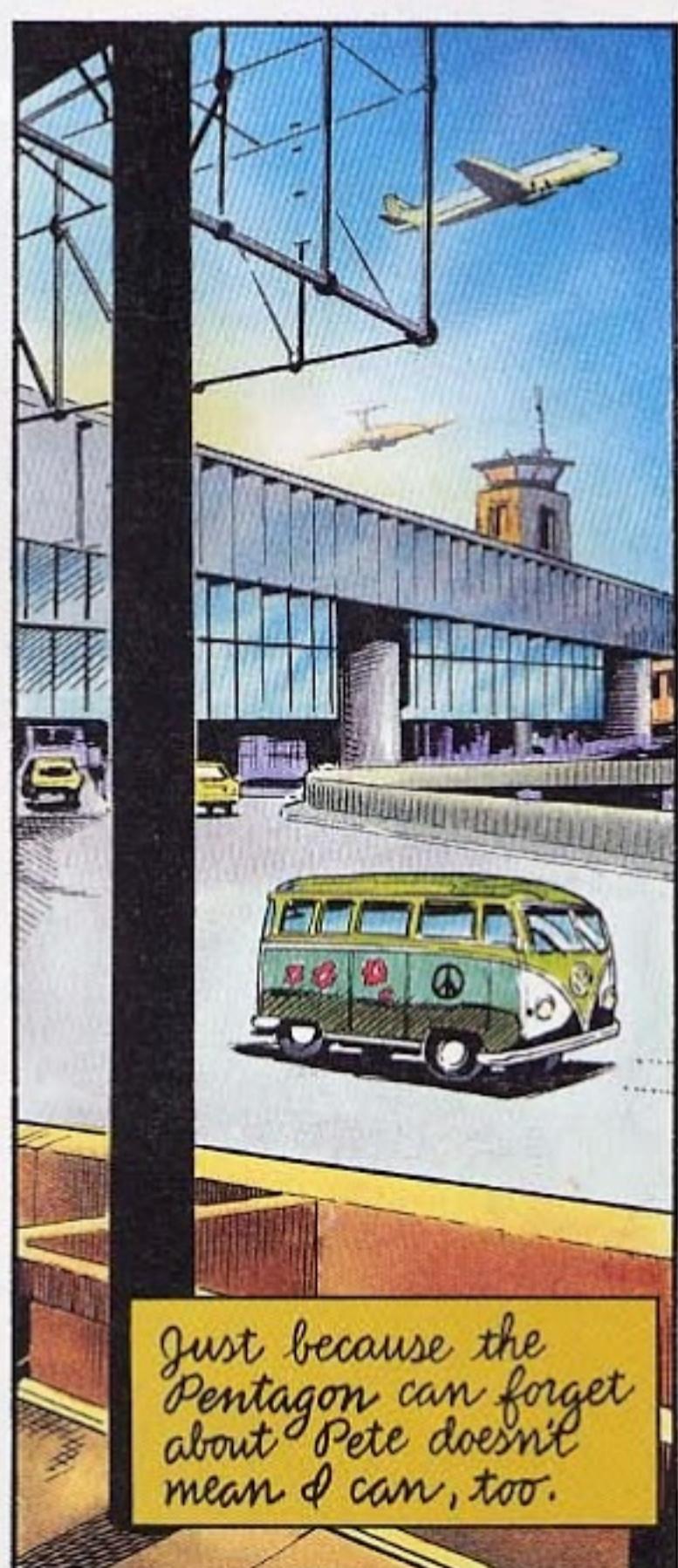
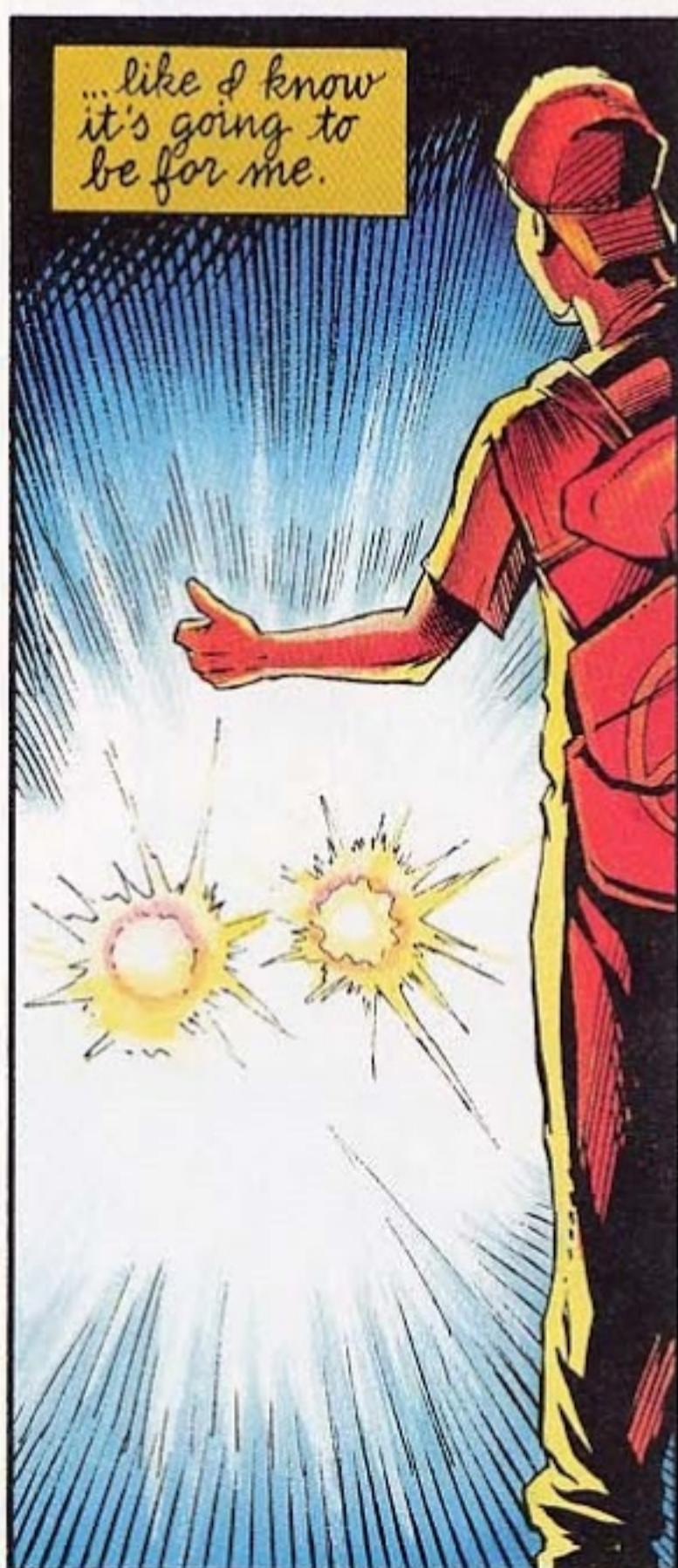
**FIRE WILL COME...**

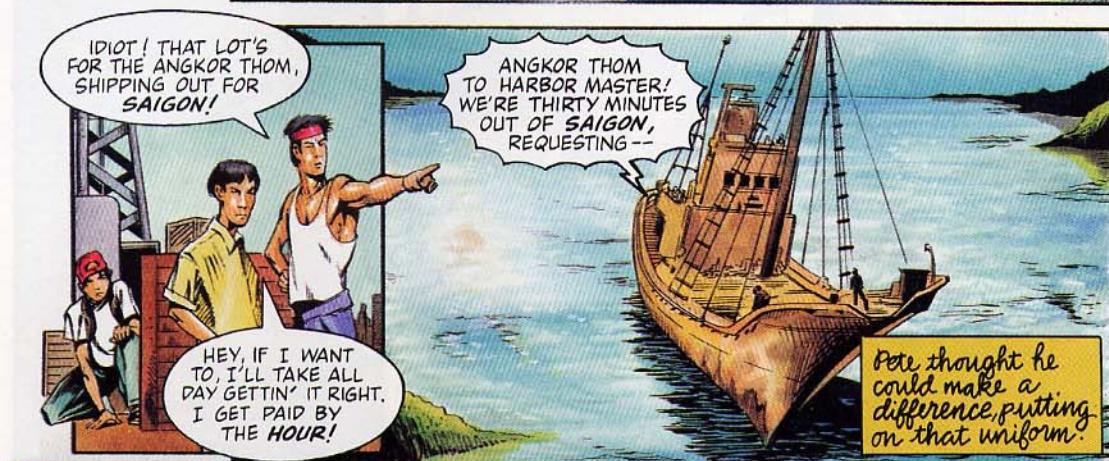
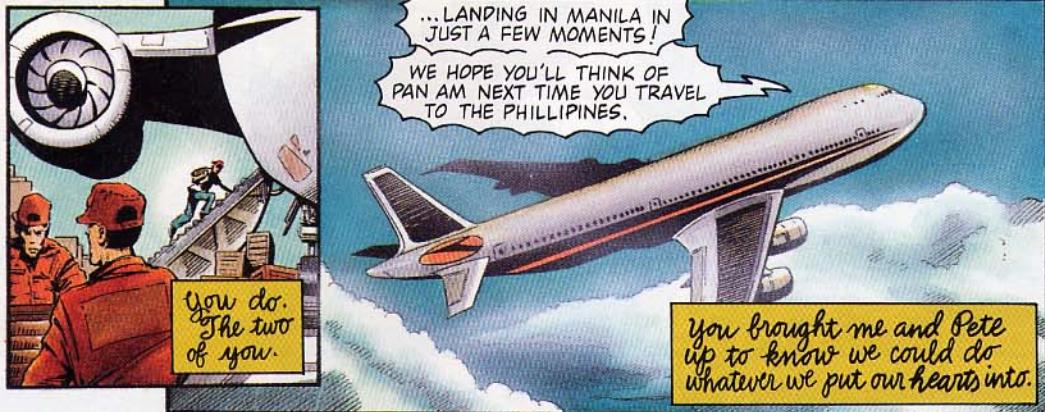


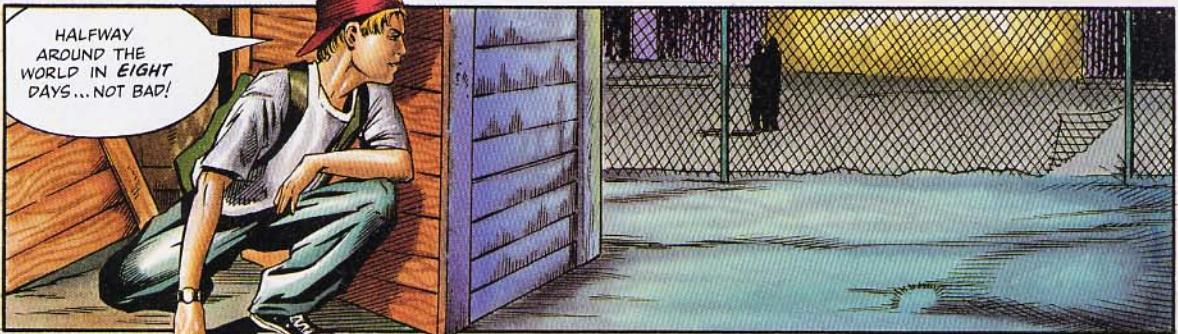
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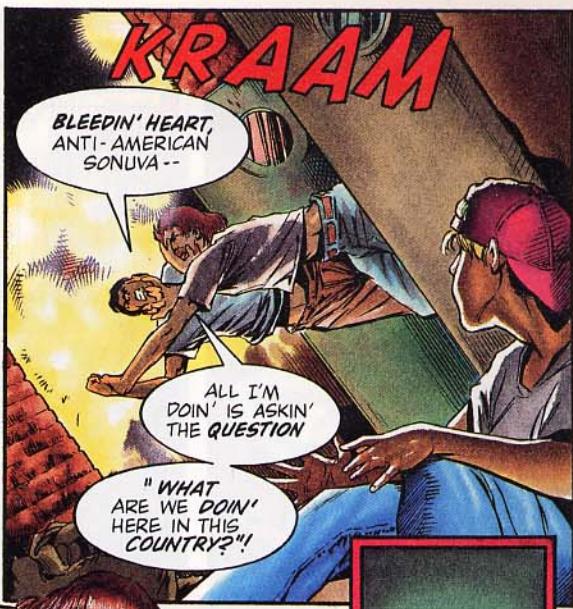




CONFUSING HOURS HOWL PAST,  
LEAVING HUNGER AND EXHAUSTION  
IN THEIR WAKE.



NOTHIN'  
WRONG WITH ASKIN'A  
QUESTION, IS THERE,  
JARHEAD?



BLEEDIN' HEART,  
ANTI- AMERICAN  
SONUVA --

ALL I'M  
DOIN' IS ASKIN'  
THE QUESTION

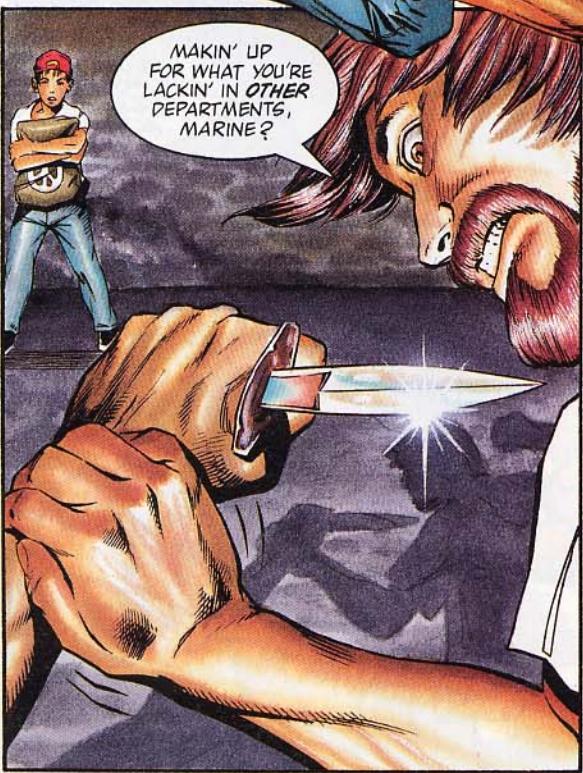
"WHAT  
ARE WE DOIN'  
HERE IN THIS  
COUNTRY?"

ASK  
ALL YOU WANT,  
COMMIE LOVER! I  
GOT YER ANSWER  
RIGHT HERE....

HE'S GOT A  
KNIFE!

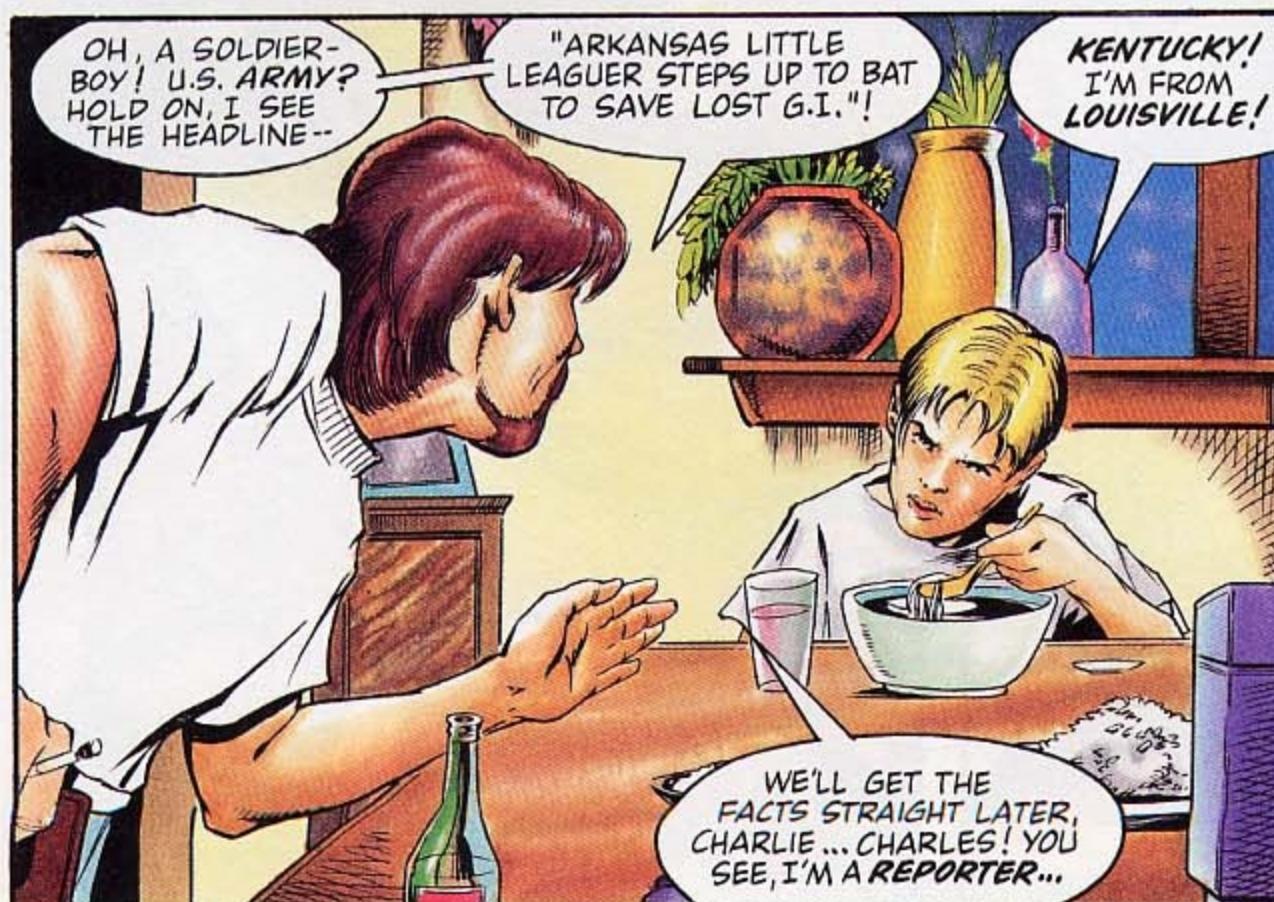
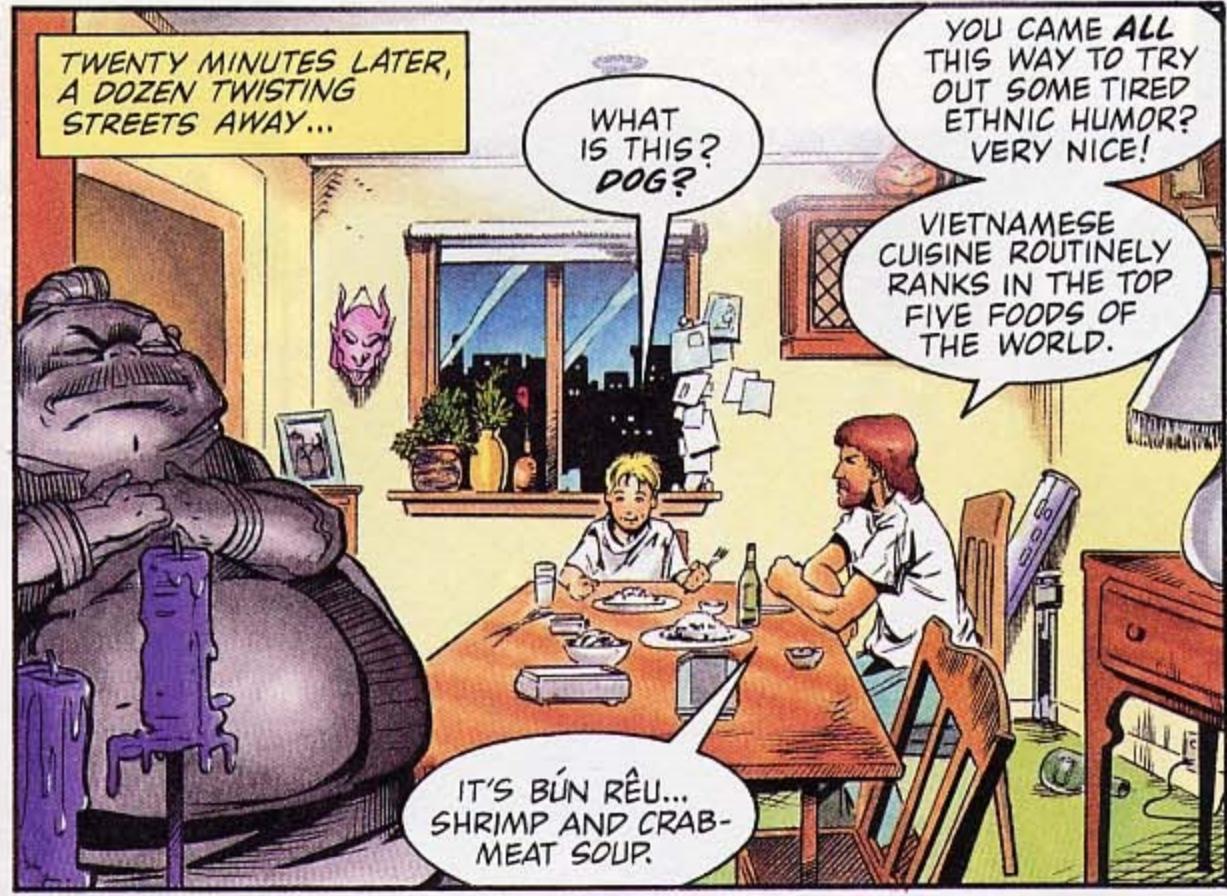


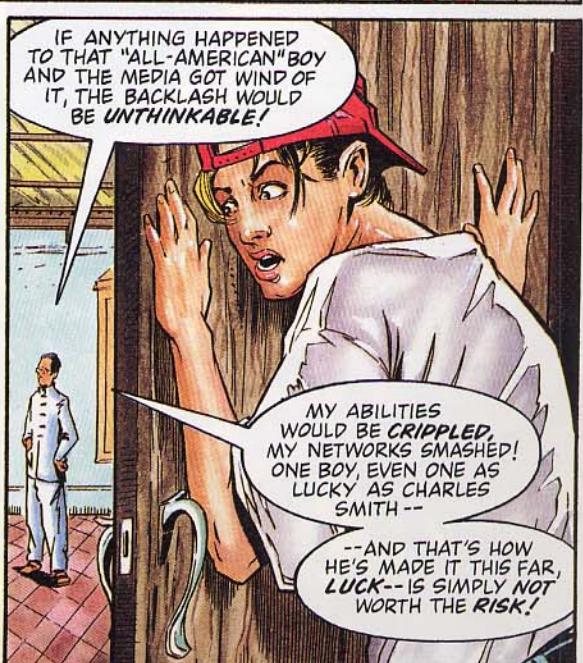
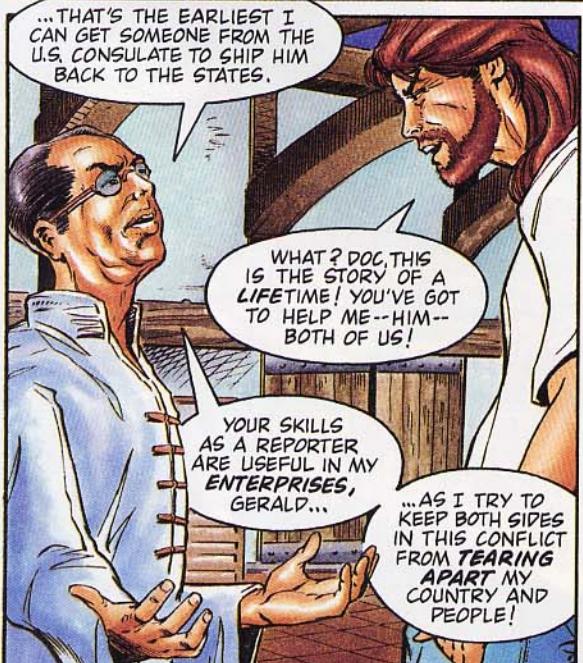
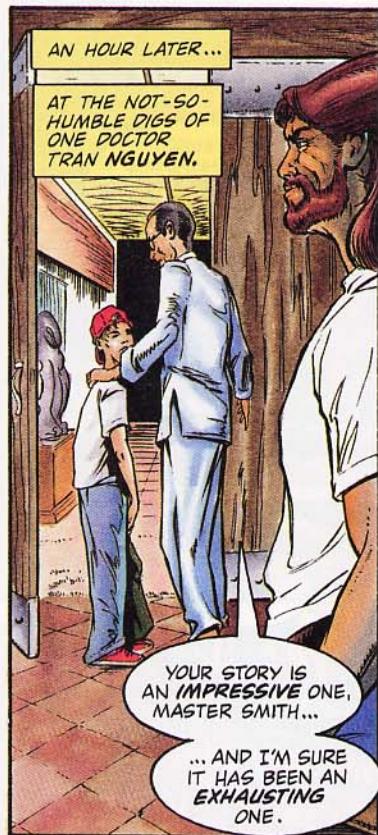
MAKIN' UP  
FOR WHAT YOU'RE  
LACKIN' IN OTHER  
DEPARTMENTS,  
MARINE?

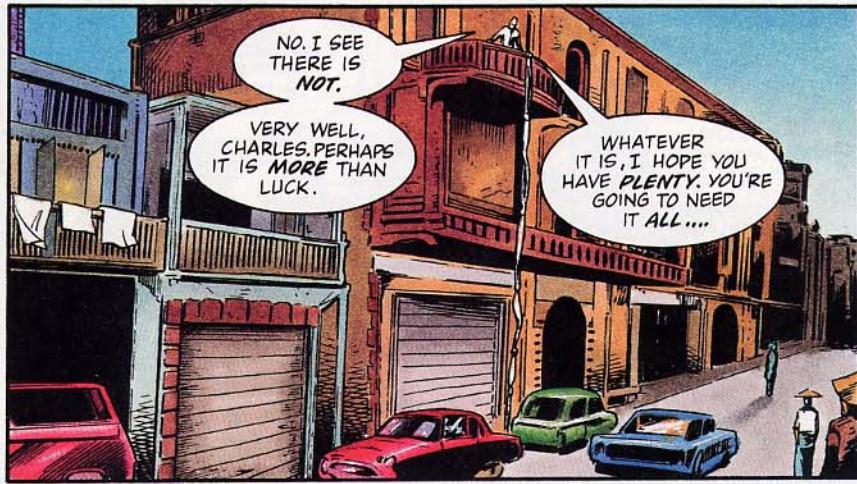


HOW'S ABOUT  
WE JUST AGREE  
TO DISAGREE,  
HMM?









CHARLES HEARS THE STRANGE LANGUAGE AGAIN, RISING AND FALLING...

...HISsing WHISPERS THAT CREEP UP HIS SPINE.

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOW THE WORDS TO UNDERSTAND THEIR MESSAGE OF FEAR AND SUSPICION.

PETER. PEE.TER. SMII-THH. PETER SMITH! THE PICTURE... LOOK AT THE--

LOOK AT ME. I SOUND LIKE THAT STUTTERING KID IN MRS. DERAGON'S CLASS....

MR. KISSINGER CALLED TO THANK YOU FOR THE GIFT.

OH, BUT CAPTAIN, SO MUCH MORE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A WHISPER.

HOW NICE... PERHAPS I'LL HAVE OCCASION TO EXPLORE THE EXTENT OF THOSE THANKS SOMEDAY SOON.

NOT AT THE MOMENT... WELL, ACTUALLY, THERE IS SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN ON MY MIND.

ANYTHING ELSE, DOCTOR?

IT'S NOT A PRIORITY, TRUNG, BUT PUT A WORD TO OUR PEOPLE.

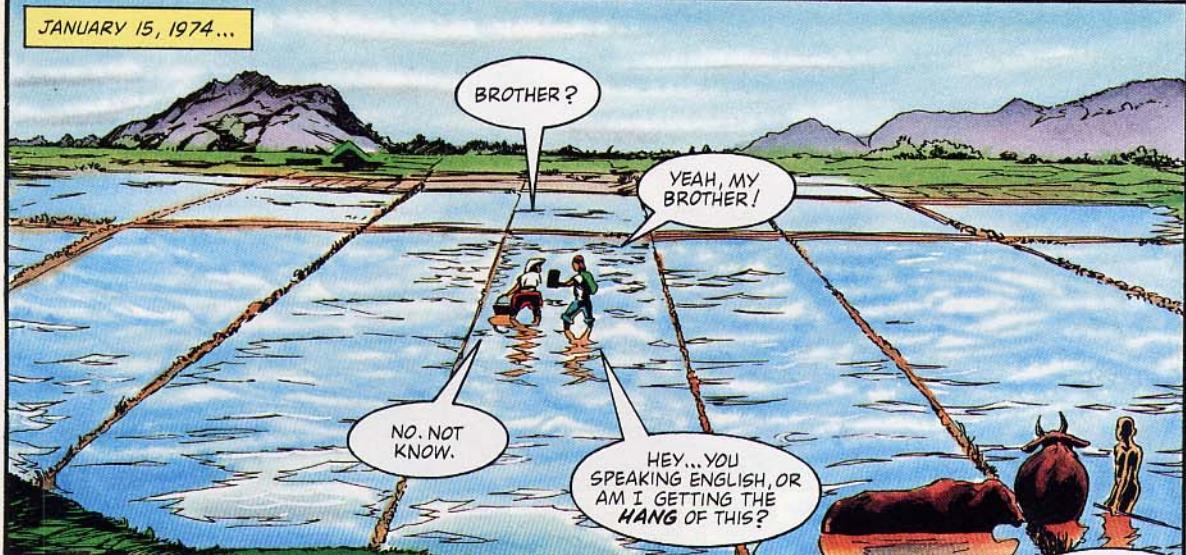
SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY ABOUT AN AMERICAN M.I.A. OR P.O.W. HIS NAME IS PETER SMITH....

NOVEMBER 2...

YOU PULL A MEAN SET OF STRINGS, NGUYEN! MY OWN BOYS TOLD ME A MONTH ON THEM MEDICAL SUPPLIES!

KEEP THAT IN MIND, DOC -- YOU EVER NEED A FAVOR, YOU HOLLER!

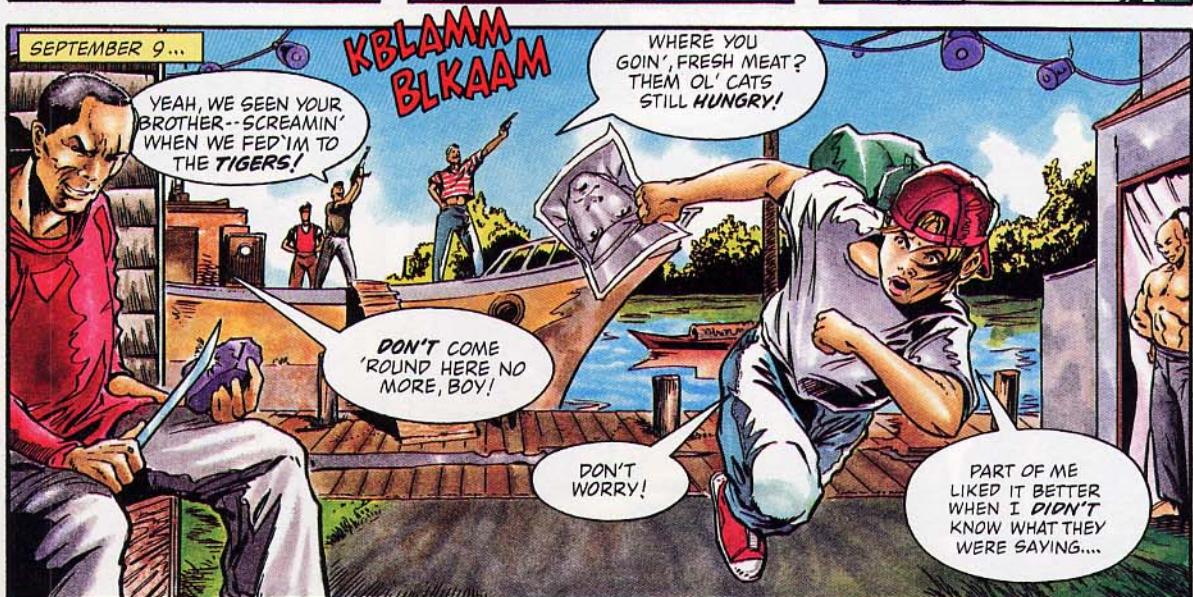
JANUARY 15, 1974...



APRIL 3...



SEPTEMBER 9...



OCTOBER 25...

YOU EVER GIVE ANY THOUGHT TO THAT KID, DOC?

"KID," GERALD?  
COULD YOU BE A LITTLE MORE VAGUE?

'BOUT A YEAR AGO.  
THE ONE LOOKING FOR HIS *BROTHER*.  
YOU SPOOKED HIM INTO RUNNING OFF WITH MY STORY.

HMM, YOUNG MASTER SMITH.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU I'D BEEN KEEPING INCREASINGLY CLOSE TABS ON THE BOY...

... AND THAT HE HAS NOT ONLY SURVIVED, BUT MADE *PROGRESS* IN HIS UNDERTAKING?

I'D SAY BLUFFING'S MORE SUITED TO POKER THAN CHESS.

CHECK.

LOOKING BACK I MUST ADMIT TO REGRETTING MY TREATMENT OF THE CHILD.

HIS VENTURE WAS *PURE*, AND DESERVED TO BE REWARDED IN TURN.

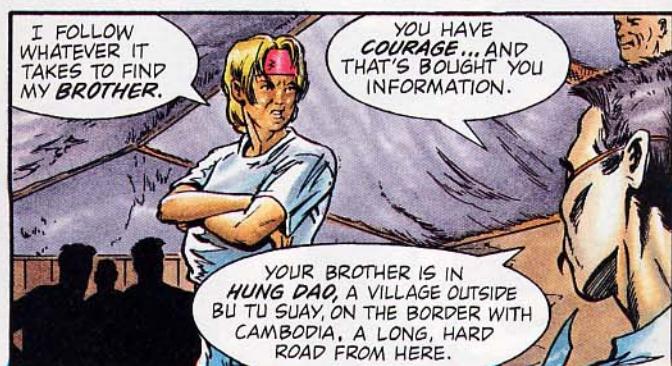
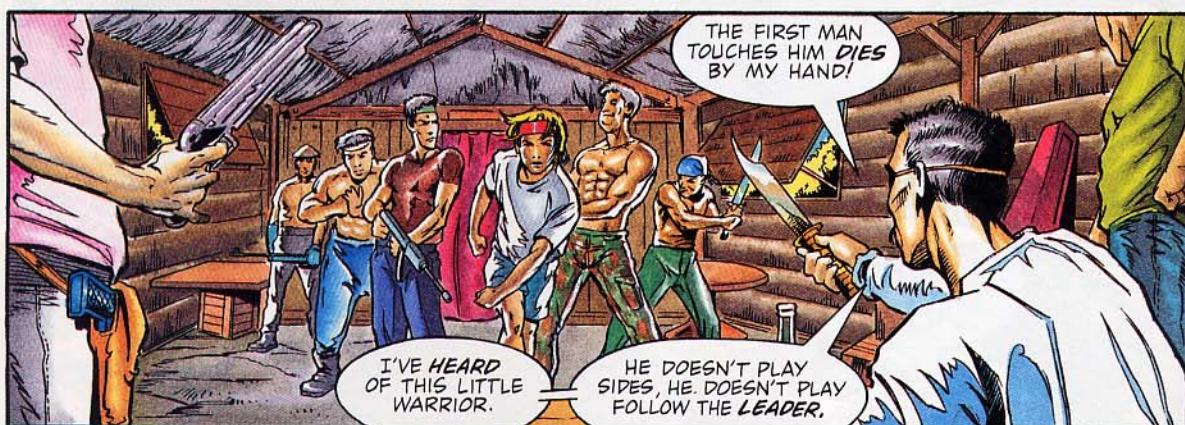
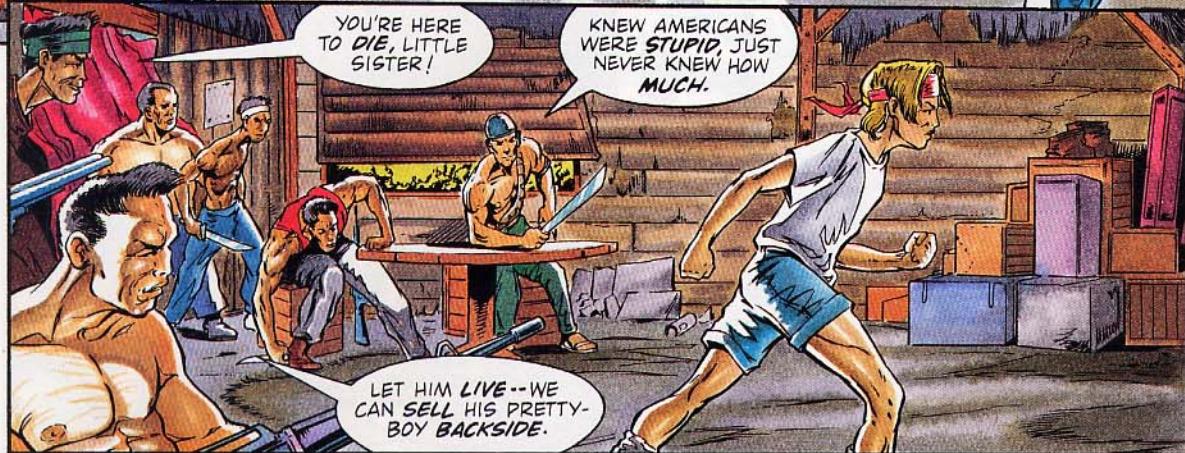
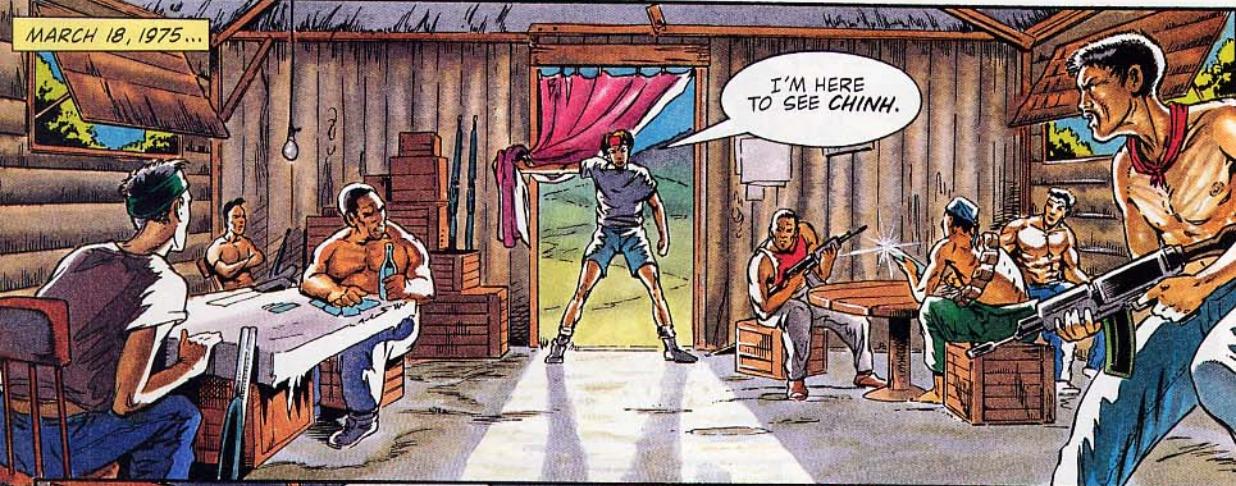
NOW YOU COME AROUND, AFTER MY HEADLINE'S LONG SINCE GOTTEN INTIMATE WITH A BOUNCING BETTY MINE!

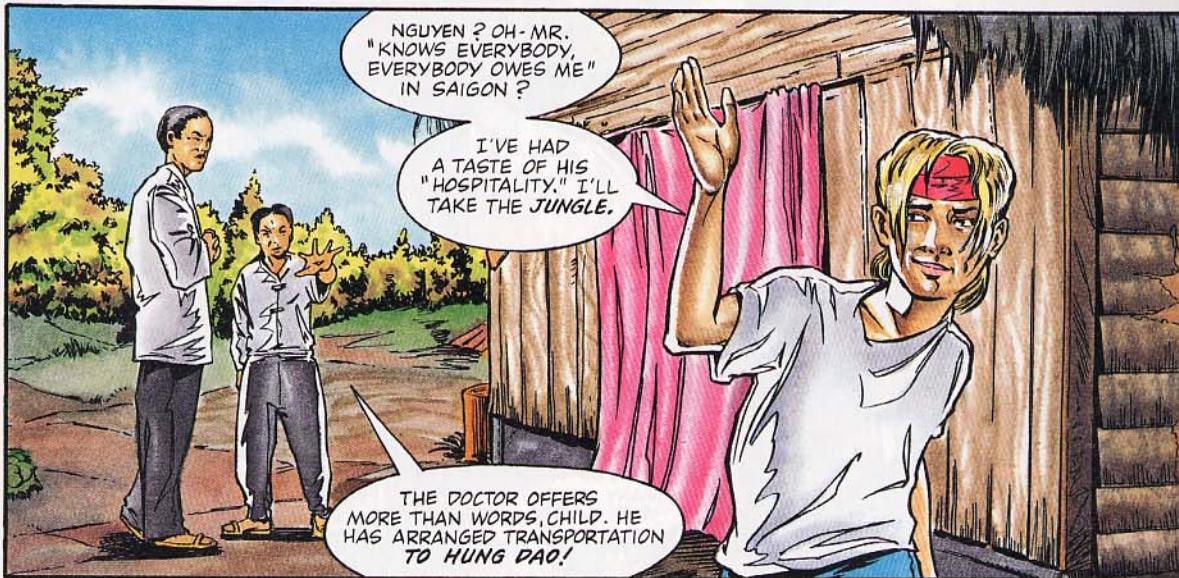
DO NOT BE SO CERTAIN OF MR. SMITH'S *FATE*, GERALD.

OH. CHECKMATE.

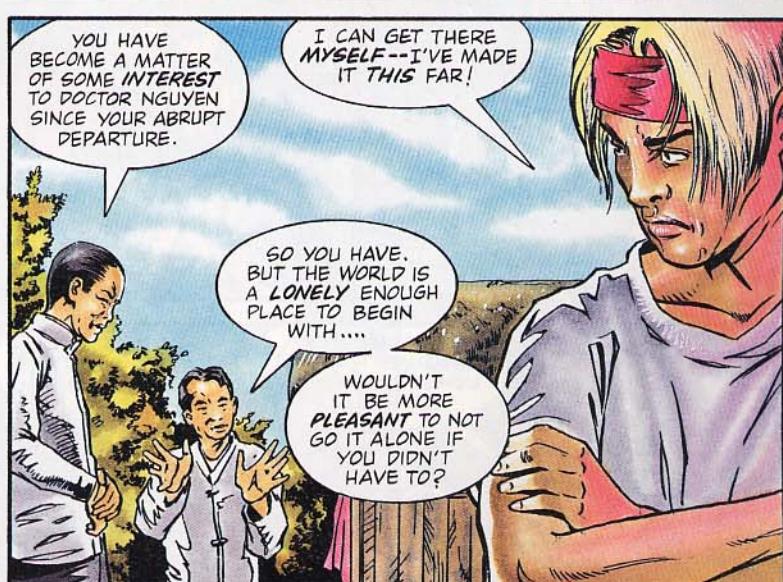


MARCH 18, 1975...



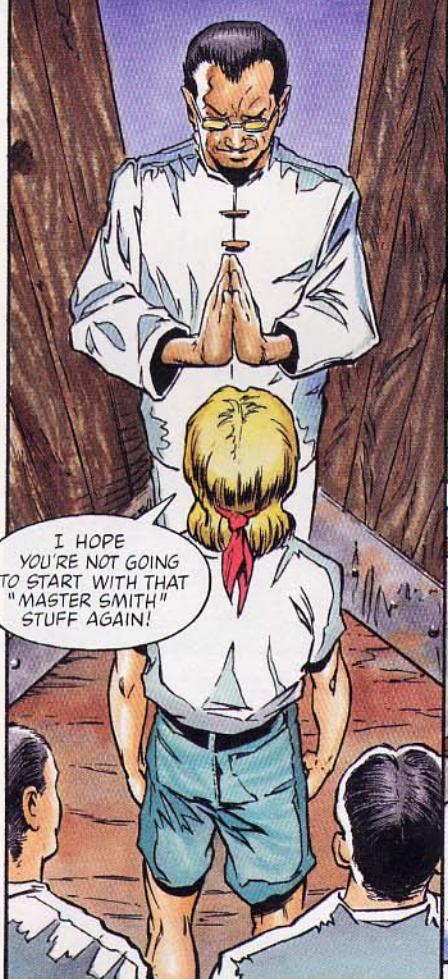
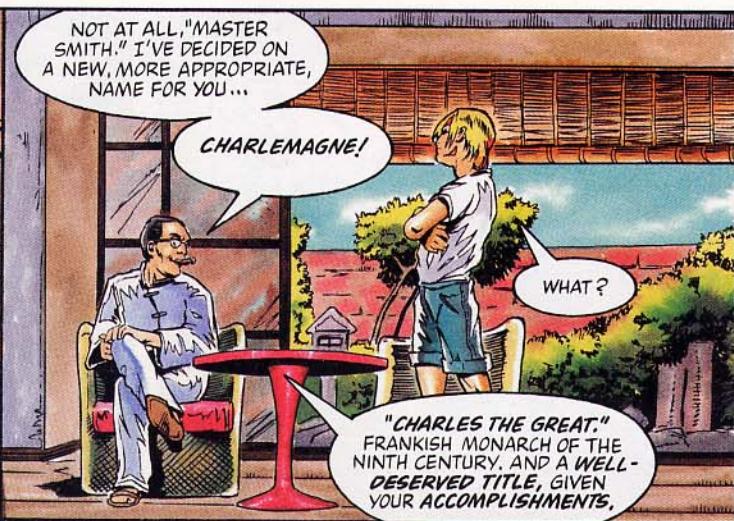


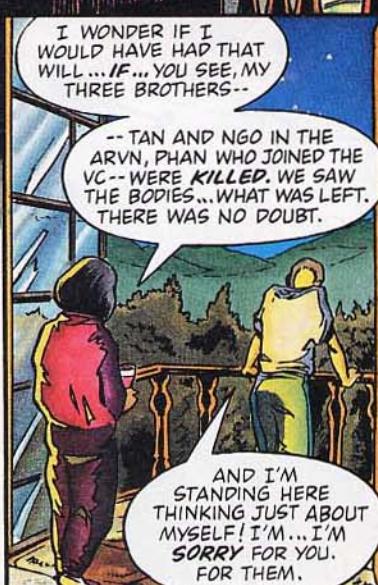
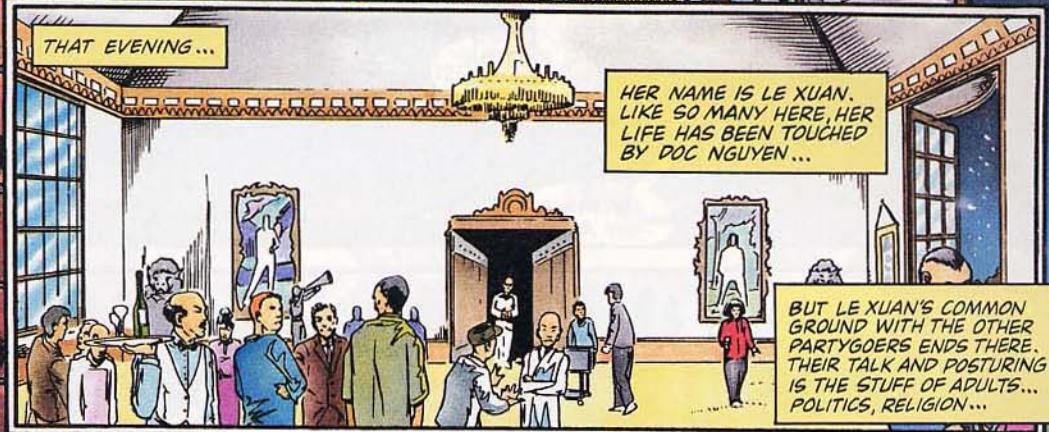
THE DOCTOR OFFERS MORE THAN WORDS, CHILD. HE HAS ARRANGED TRANSPORTATION TO HUNG DAO!



SO YOU HAVE. BUT THE WORLD IS A LONELY ENOUGH PLACE TO BEGIN WITH....

WOULDN'T IT BE MORE PLEASANT TO NOT GO IT ALONE IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO?





WHEN YOU'VE FOUND HIM,  
YOU CAN TURN IT TOWARD OTHER  
THINGS. YOU CAN...

...FIND THE  
WRONGS...

AND MAKE  
THEM RIGHT.

FIRST LIGHT...

THIS IS, UH,  
"SPECIAL DELIVERY."  
TELL CAPTAIN HALLIWELL  
WE'VE GOT "THE  
SHIPMENT."

I'M LOOKING  
FORWARD TO MEETING  
YOUR BROTHER!

KEEP THE  
BUN RÉU WARM,  
DOC -- AND  
THANKS!

HOLD TIGHT,  
KID...

"...YOUR UNCLE SAM RUNS ONE  
MOTHER OF A ROLLER COASTER!"

HOURS LATER...

CLOSING ON THE  
CAMBODIAN BORDER.

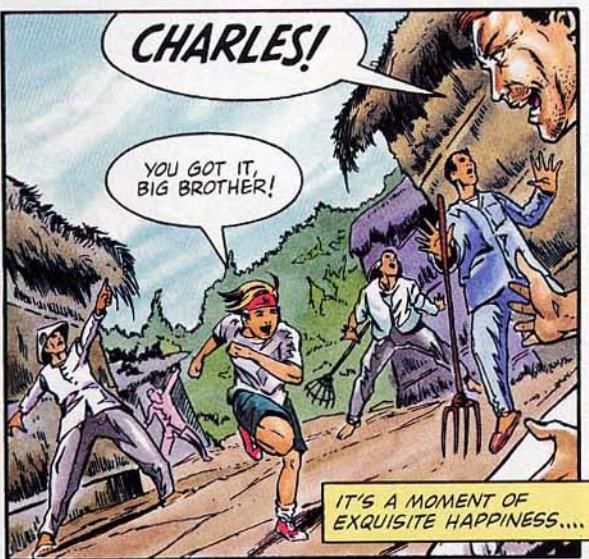
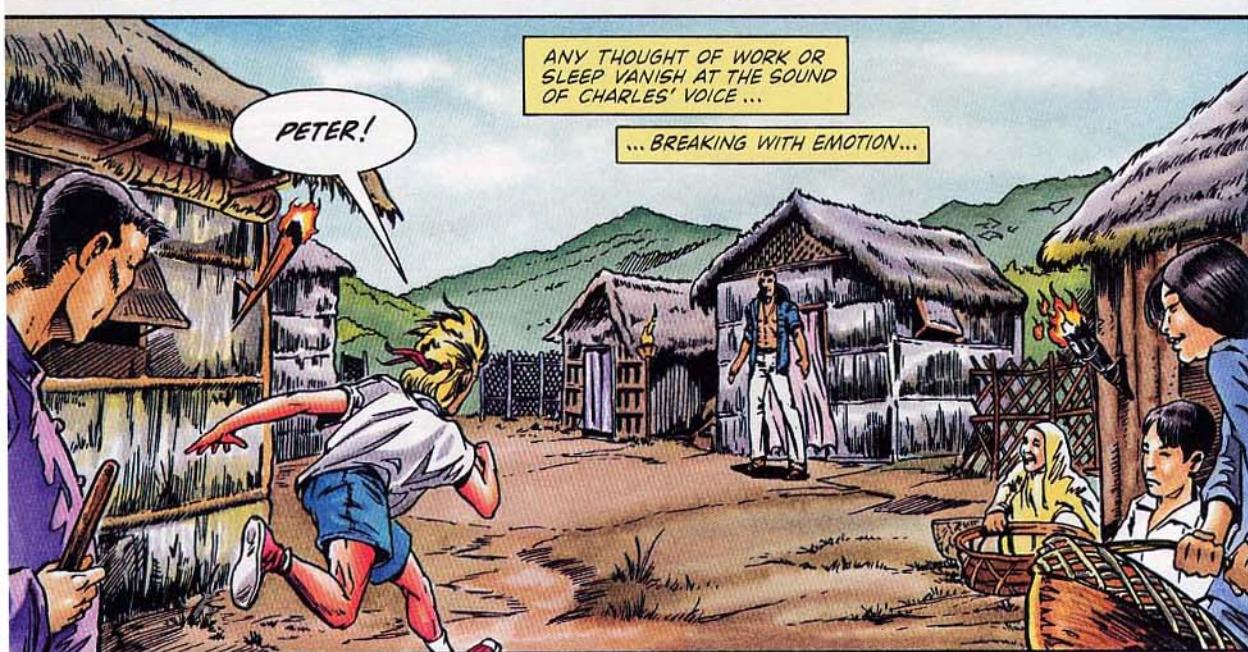
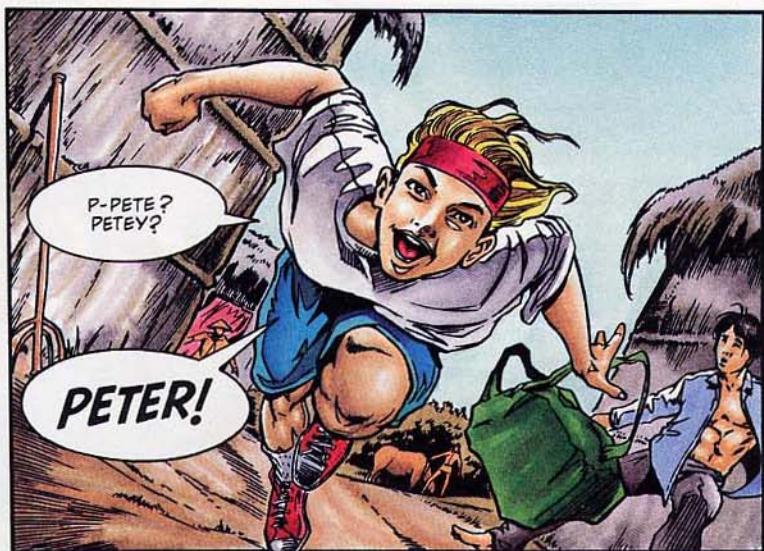
NEAR AS WE CAN  
GETCHA, JUNIOR. HUNG  
DAD'S FIVE KLICKS  
THAT WAY!

SAM, M'MAN, I'M  
SO SHORT I CAN TASTE  
IT. THAT MEANS I DON'T  
ASK THOSE KINDA  
QUESTIONS!

THANKS, "UNCLE."  
LEMMIE KNOW WHEN  
YOU OPEN A MERRY-  
GO-ROUND!

BOBBY, WHATTA  
WE DOIN' DROPPIN' A  
CIVILIAN KID IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A  
WAR ZONE?





AND A MOMENT  
IS ALL THEY'LL  
EVER HAVE....

THE NATIVES  
APPEAR RESTLESS,  
GROUP LEADER.

FWROOSH

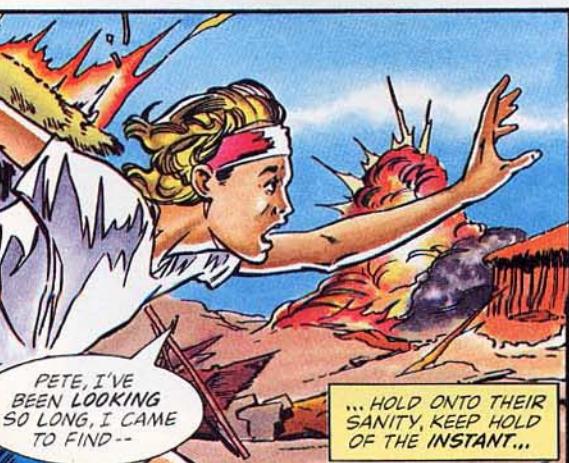
BRAKA  
BRAKA

THEN LET'S GIVE  
'EM SOME O' THAT  
ETERNAL REST!

UH, ROGER  
THAT, GROUP  
LEADER.

TRAKOOOM

THE BROTHERS  
TRY DESPERATELY  
TO HOLD ON...



... JUST WAITING TO GO UP IN SMOKE.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING COME DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS ...

... COURTESY A LETHAL LITTLE PACKAGE MARKED "MADE IN AMERICA."

NO...

HE'S RABBETING!



TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

BULLETS THE SIZE OF RAILROAD SPIKES TEAR INTO A YOUNG BOY'S BODY ...

--F-FOUND YOU... PETE... WON'T GIVE YOU UP... N-NOW--

... BUT STILL HE GOES ON.



I'M MR. CHAIN-GUN  
LIGHTNING! I AM THE MAN!  
I AM MR. DEATH  
FROM ABOVE!

YO MAN...  
MAYBE YOU BETTER  
CUT THE CAFFEINE  
OUTTA YOUR DIET!

BRAKA  
BRAKA  
BRAKA

NEVER  
AGAIN!

LIGHTNING AND  
THUNDER, MADE  
IN AMERICA.

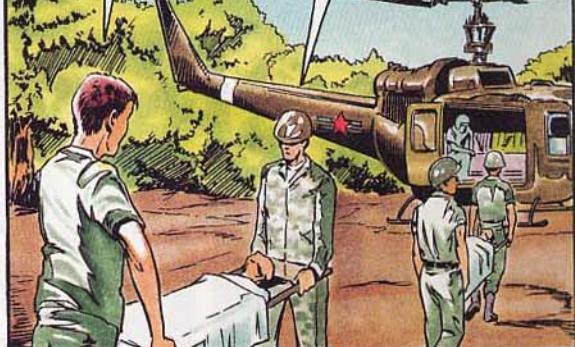
WHEN THE SMOKE STARTS  
TO CLEAR, THE CLEAN-UP  
CREWS TOUCH DOWN.

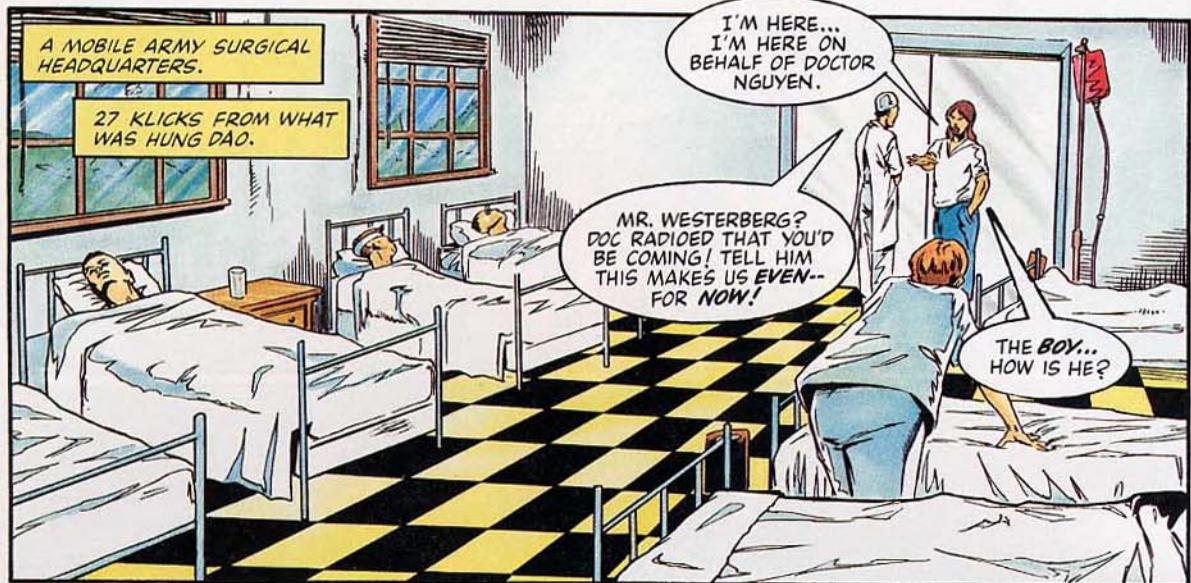
THAT'S A--  
THAT'S A KID...  
WHAT'S LEFT OF  
HIM! ROUND-EYED...  
CAUCASIAN... KID...

HE  
GONNA MAKE  
IT?

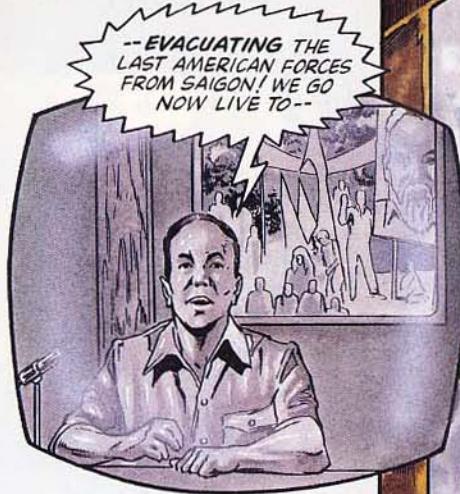
LITTLE GUY'S  
GOT AS MUCH  
CHANCE AS ANYONE  
ELSE IN THIS PIT--  
SLIM TO NONE.

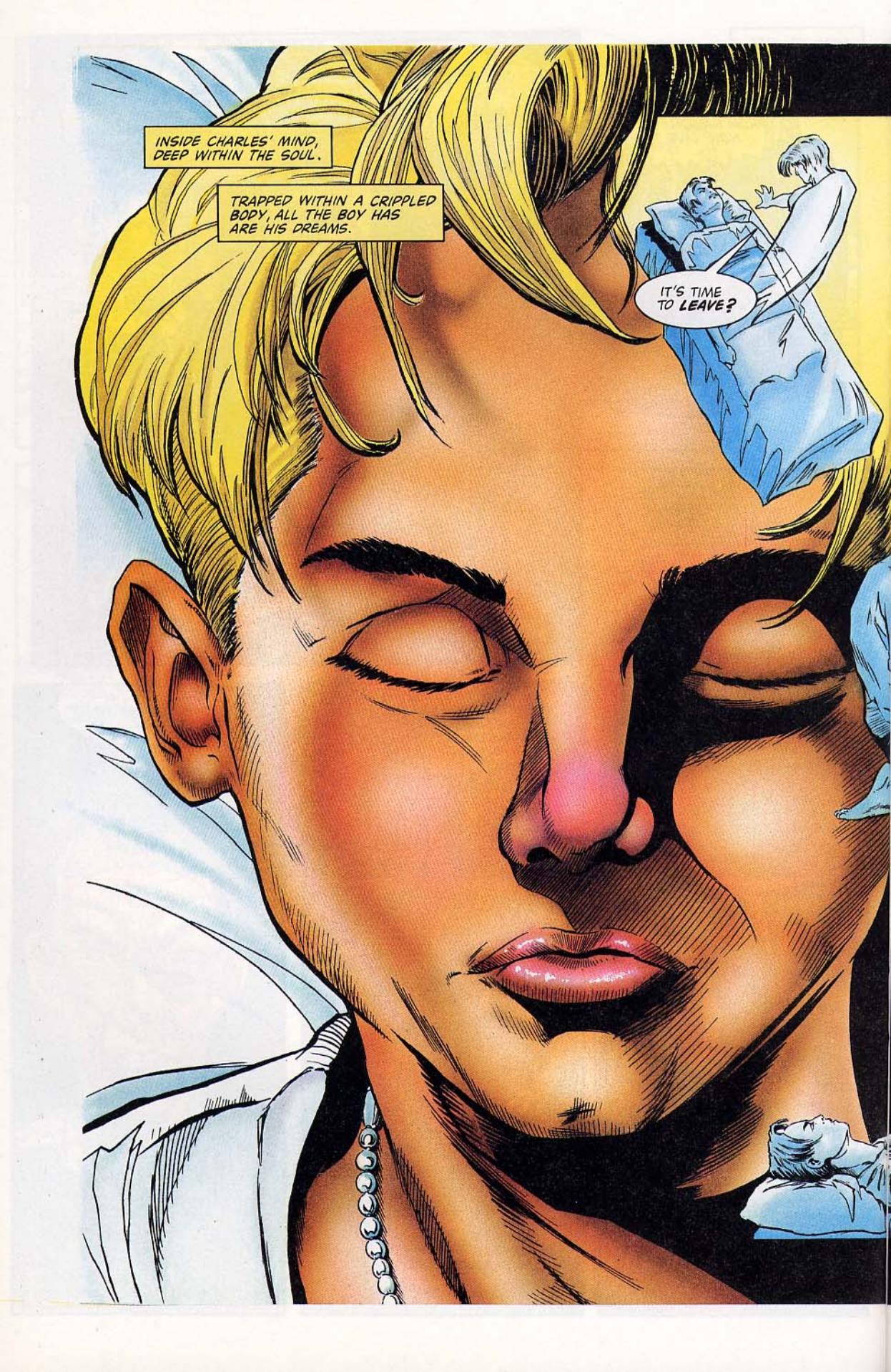
NO, SIR. THAT'S  
A COURT MARTIAL  
FOR WHOEVER OKAYED  
THE SNAFU OP!





APRIL 29, 1975...





INSIDE CHARLES' MIND,  
DEEP WITHIN THE SOUL.

TRAPPED WITHIN A CRIPPLED  
BODY, ALL THE BOY HAS  
ARE HIS DREAMS.

IT'S TIME  
TO LEAVE?



WHEN DREAMS ARE ALL YOU HAVE, DREAMS BECOME REALITY.

FEBRUARY 23, 1993...

I'M NOT TELLING  
YOU HOW TO DO YOUR  
JOB, KIM...

...BUT YOU'RE NEW HERE,  
AND CHARLEMAGNE'S  
CONDITION REQUIRES  
VERY SPECIAL  
TREATMENT!

LEGS?/!  
YOUNG LADY, WHAT  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

I UNDERSTAND,  
DOCTOR NGUYEN! I'M  
EXERCISING HIS ARMS  
AND LEGS AS PART  
OF HIS PHYSICAL  
THERAPY AND--

WHAT  
IS IT? WHAT  
DID I SAY?

YOU SAID...

...LEGS.

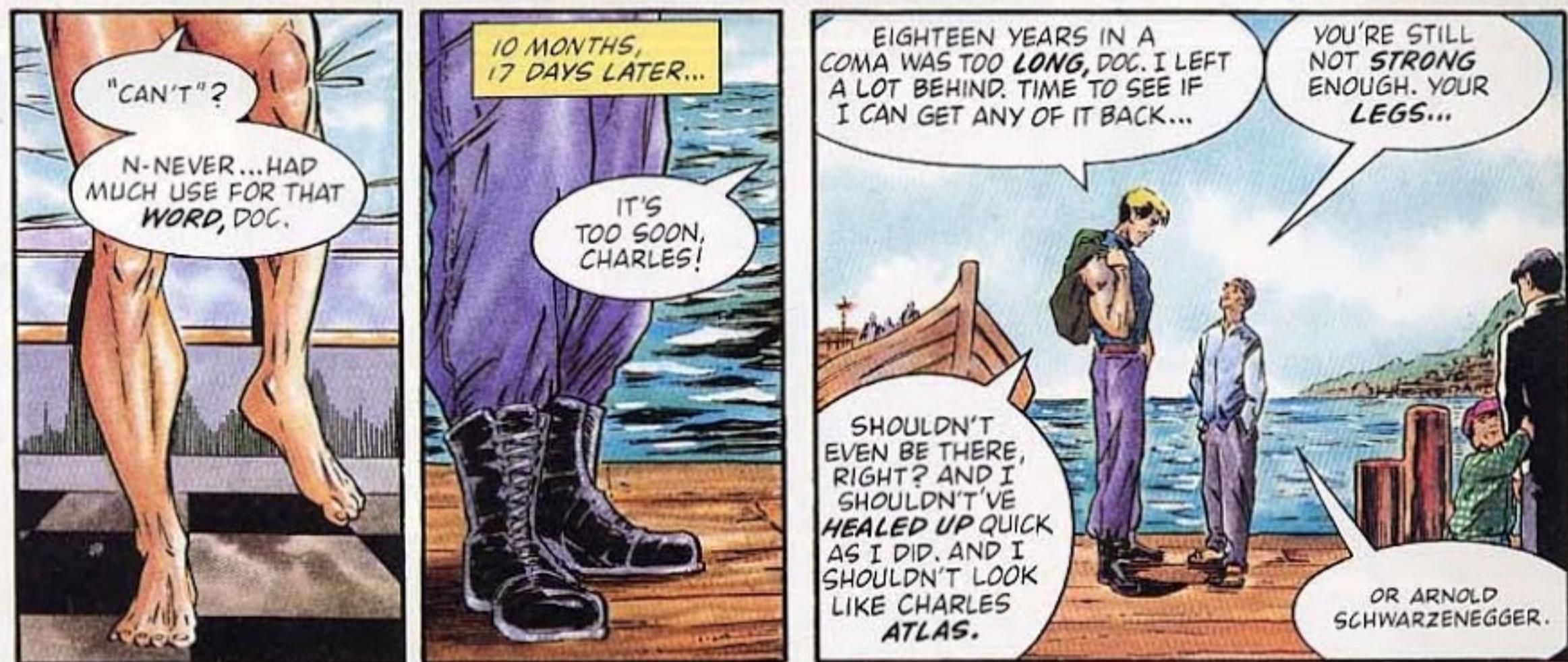
IS THERE...  
IS THERE A  
PROBLEM?

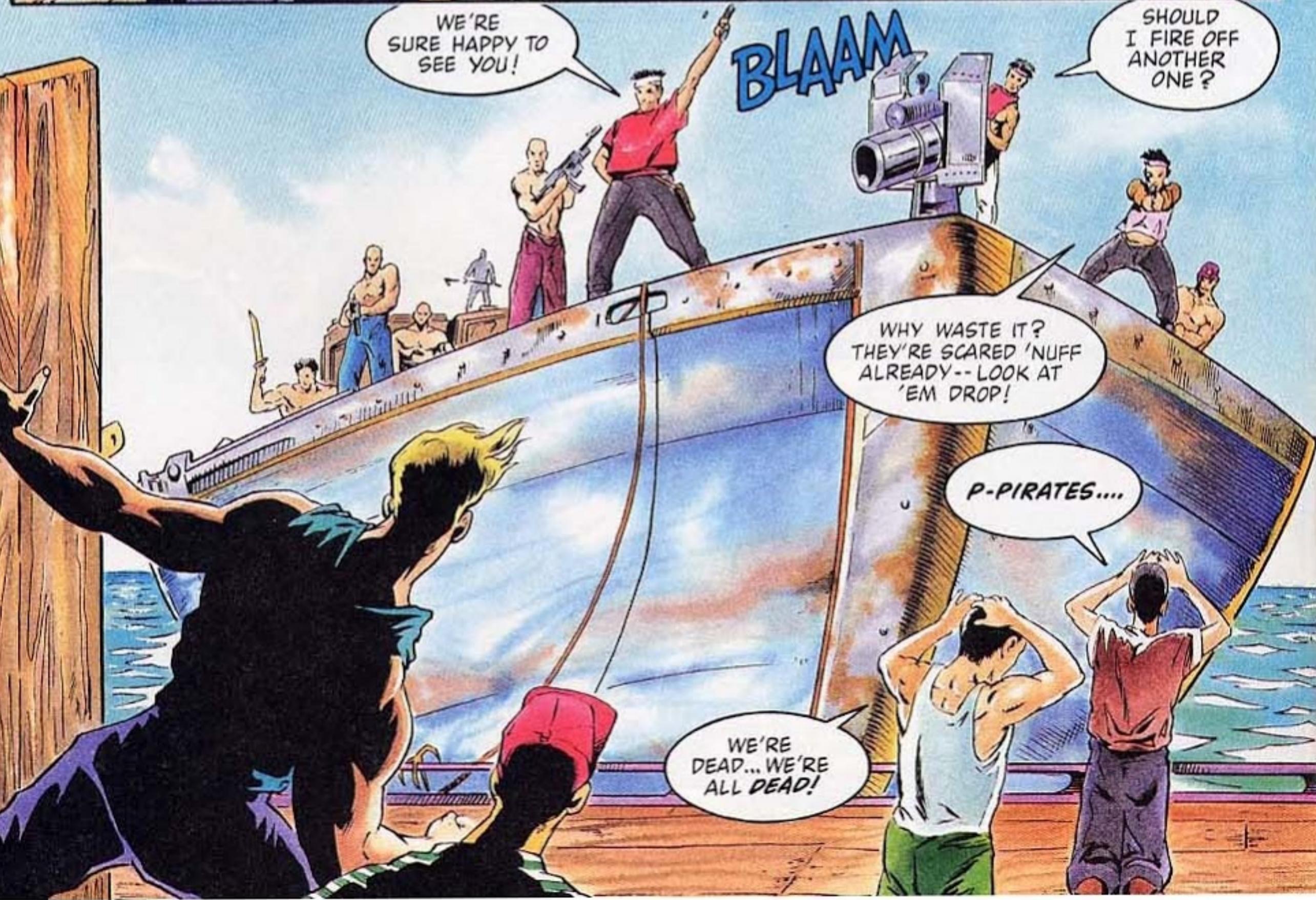
N-NO. NOT  
ANYMORE.

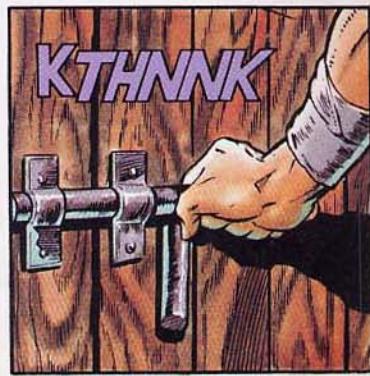
IT'S ... IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S... A  
MIRACLE. IT'S...

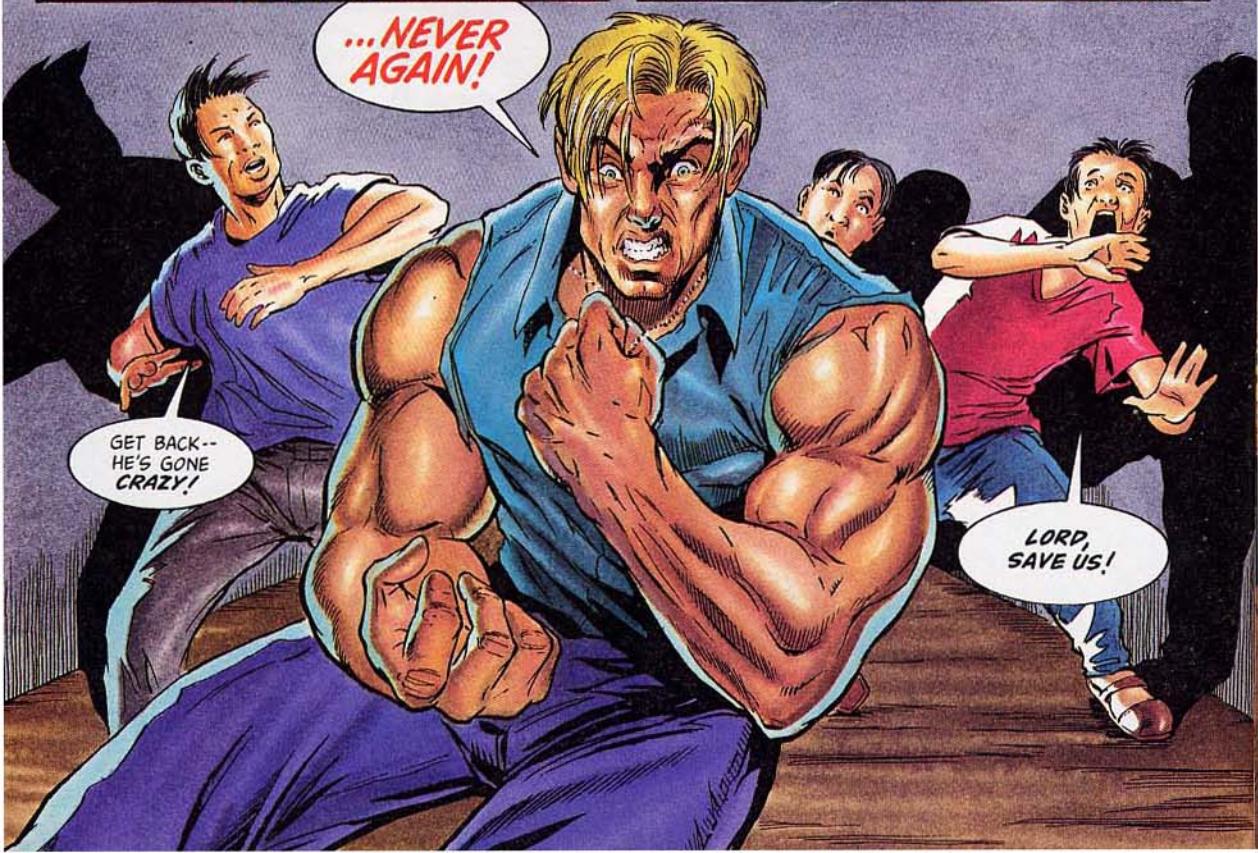
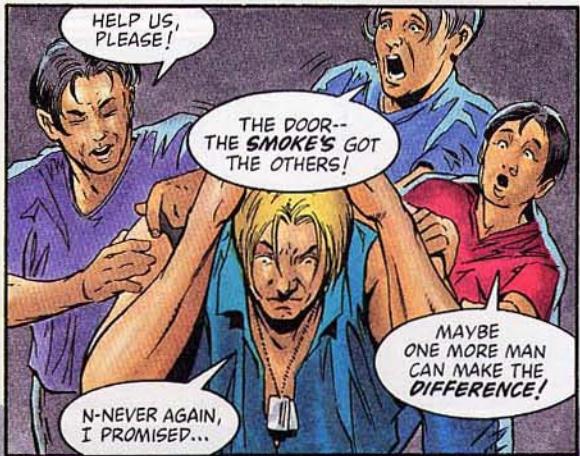
G-GOOD...  
TO SEE YOU...  
DOC.









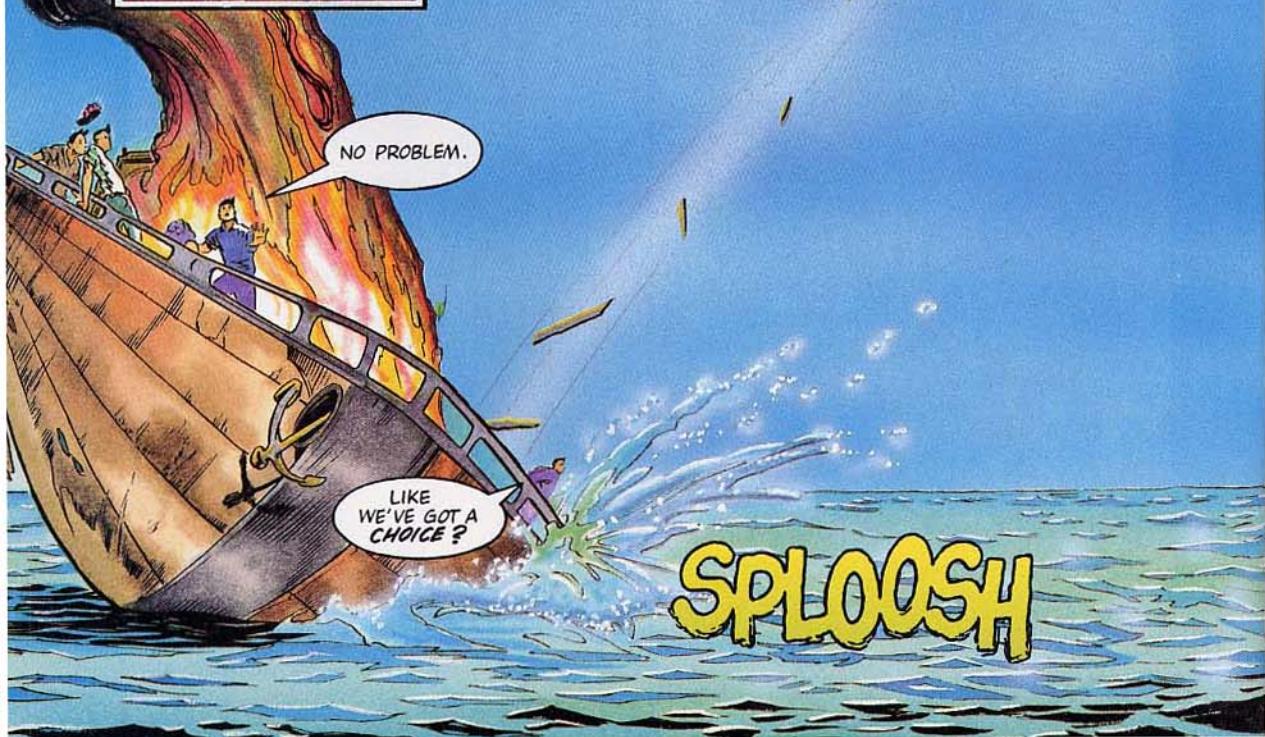


THUNDER AND  
LIGHTNING, AGAIN.

BUT NOW THEY  
EXPLODE ON THE SIDE  
OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

TRAKOON

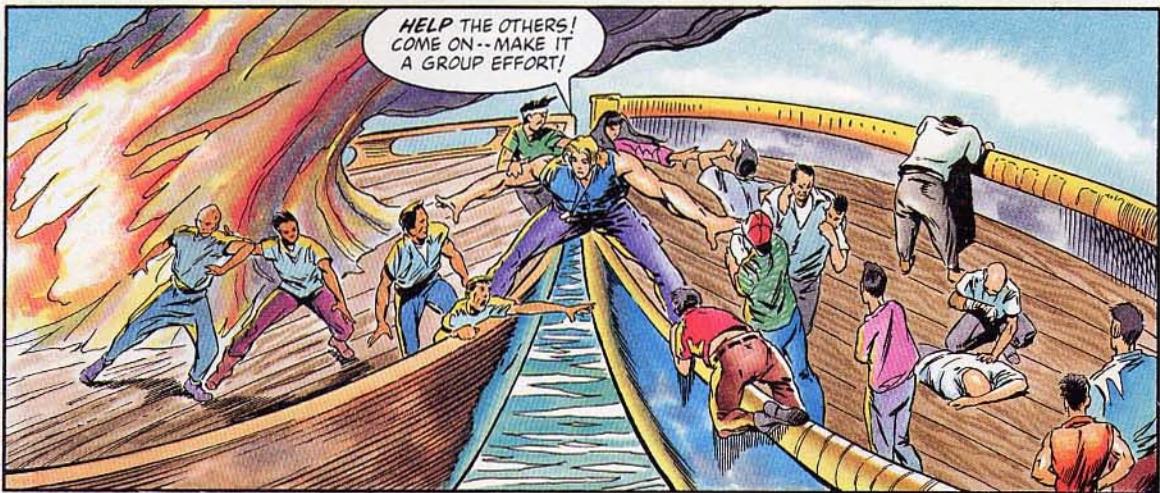
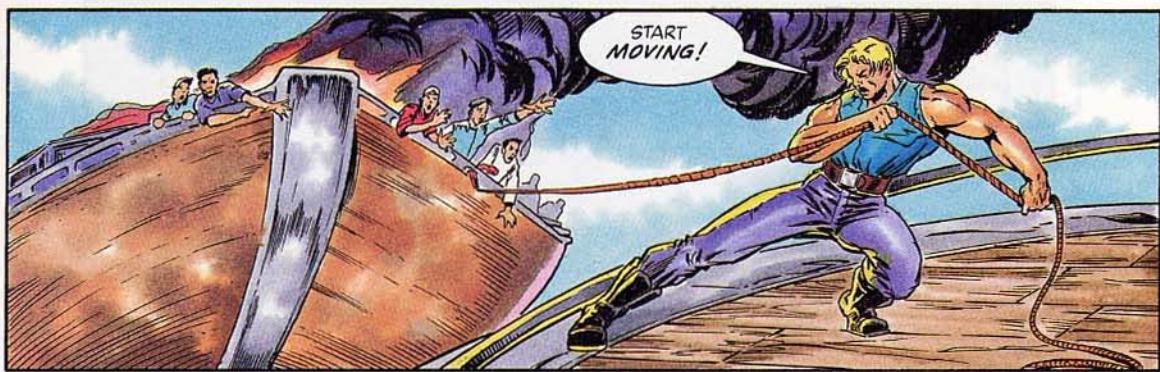


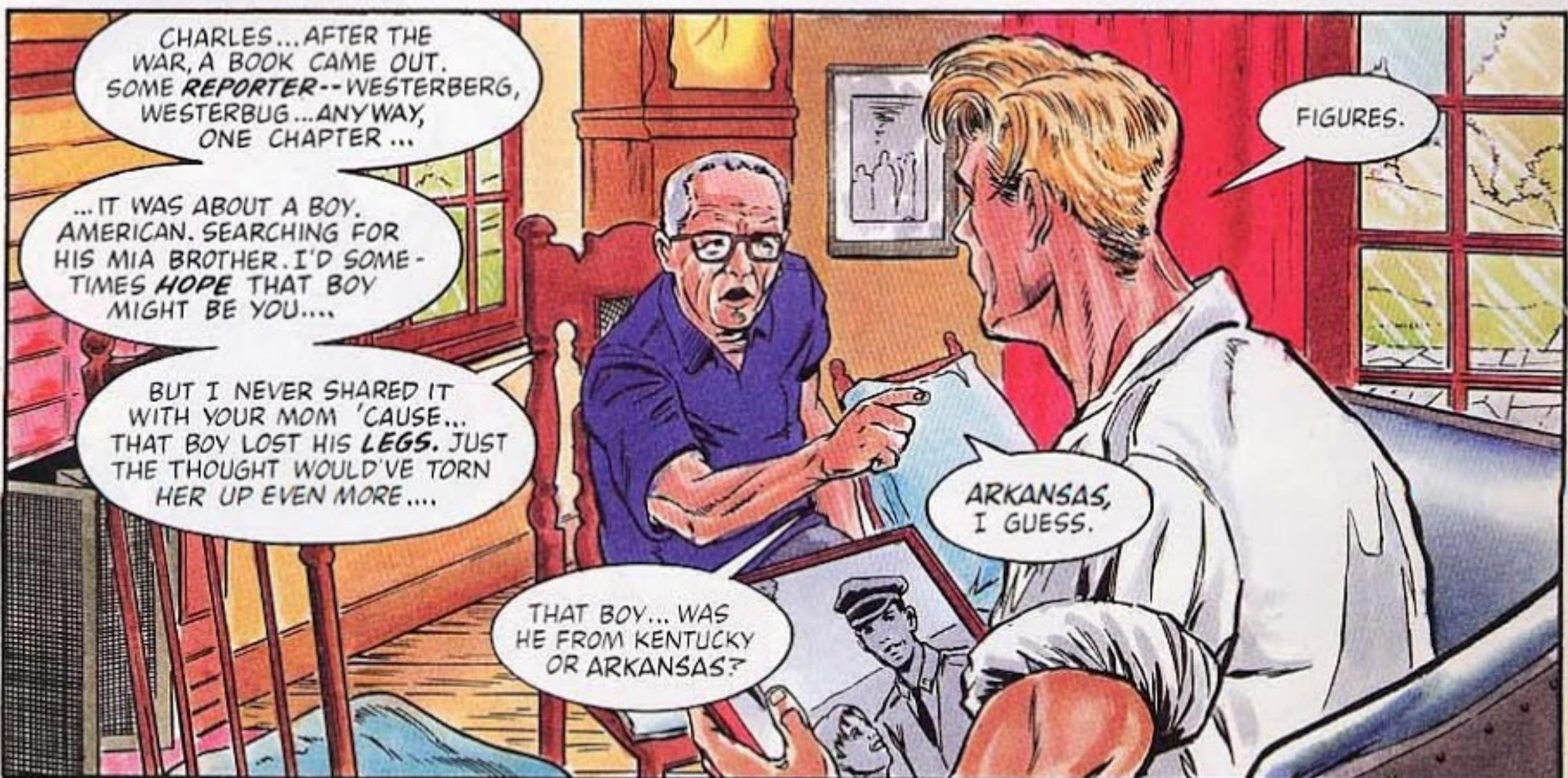
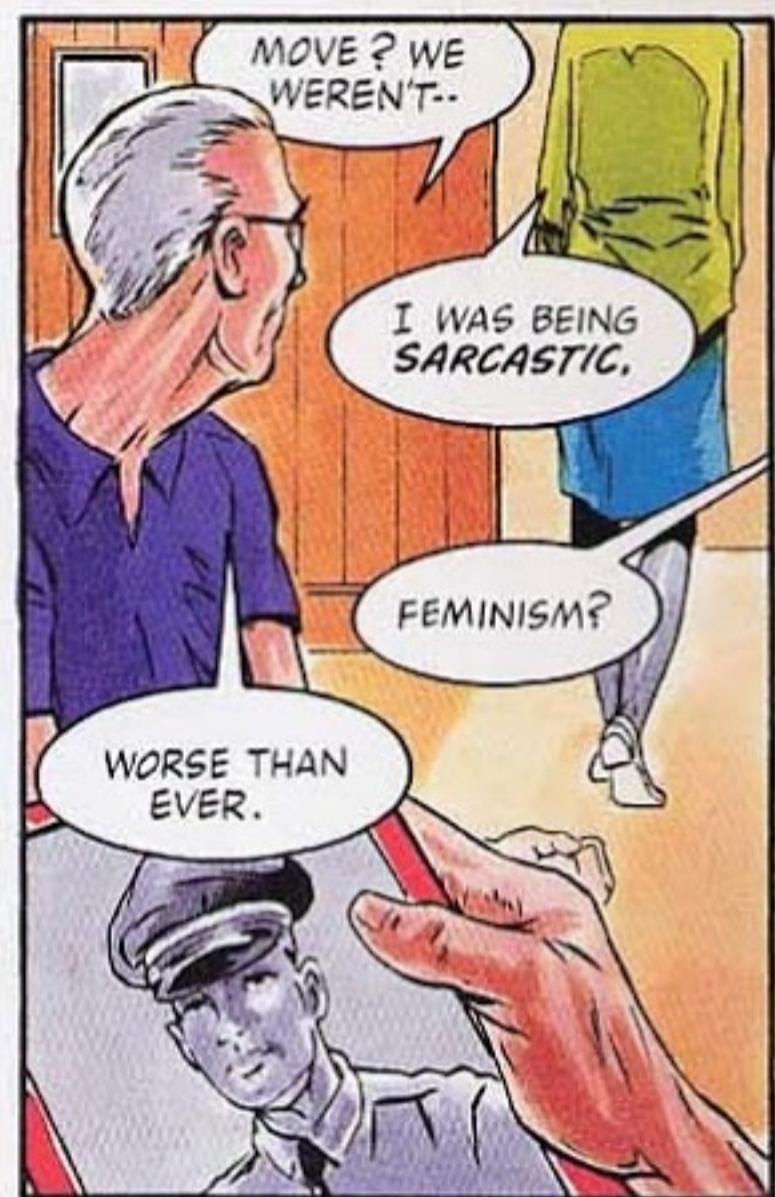
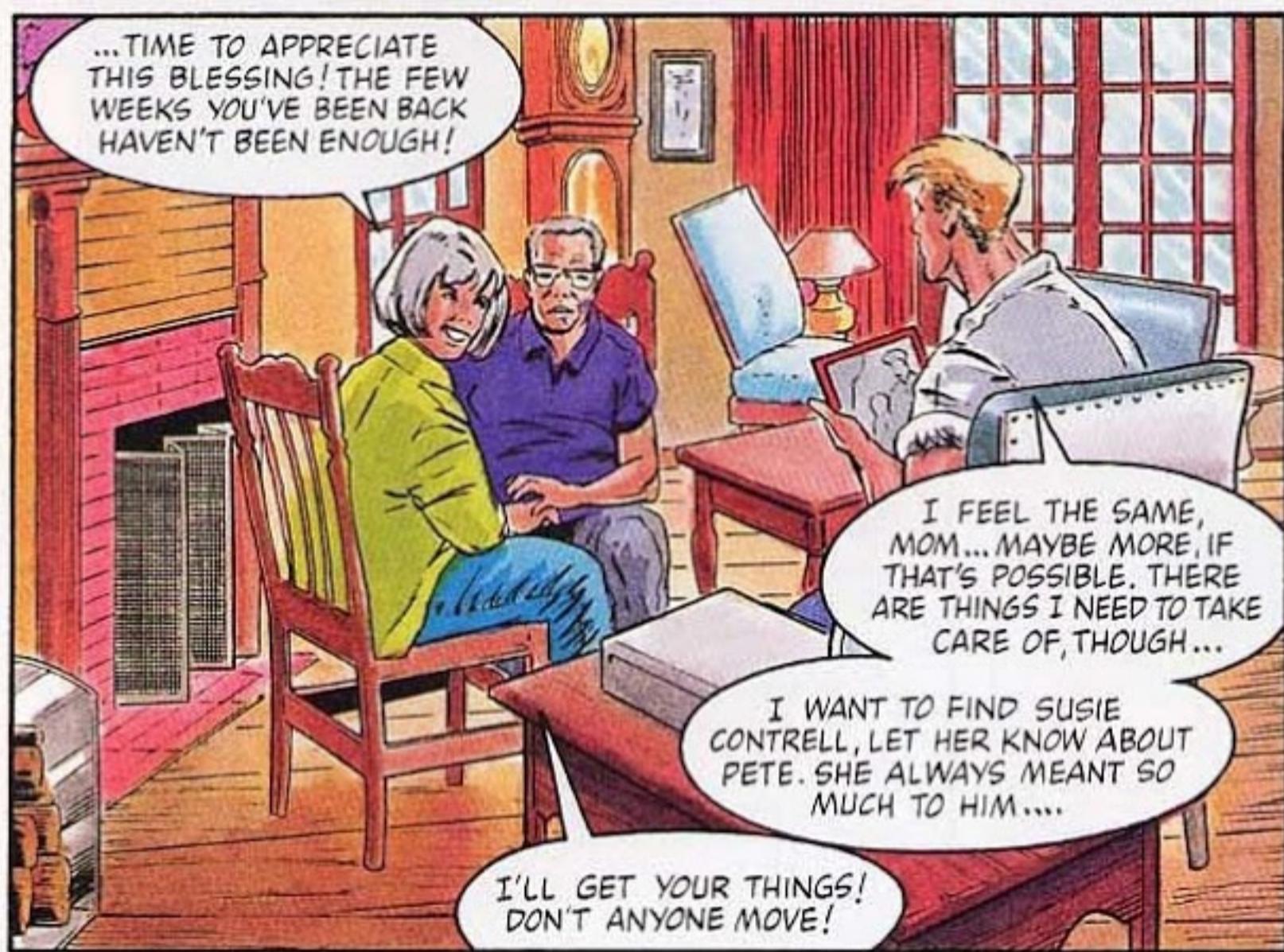
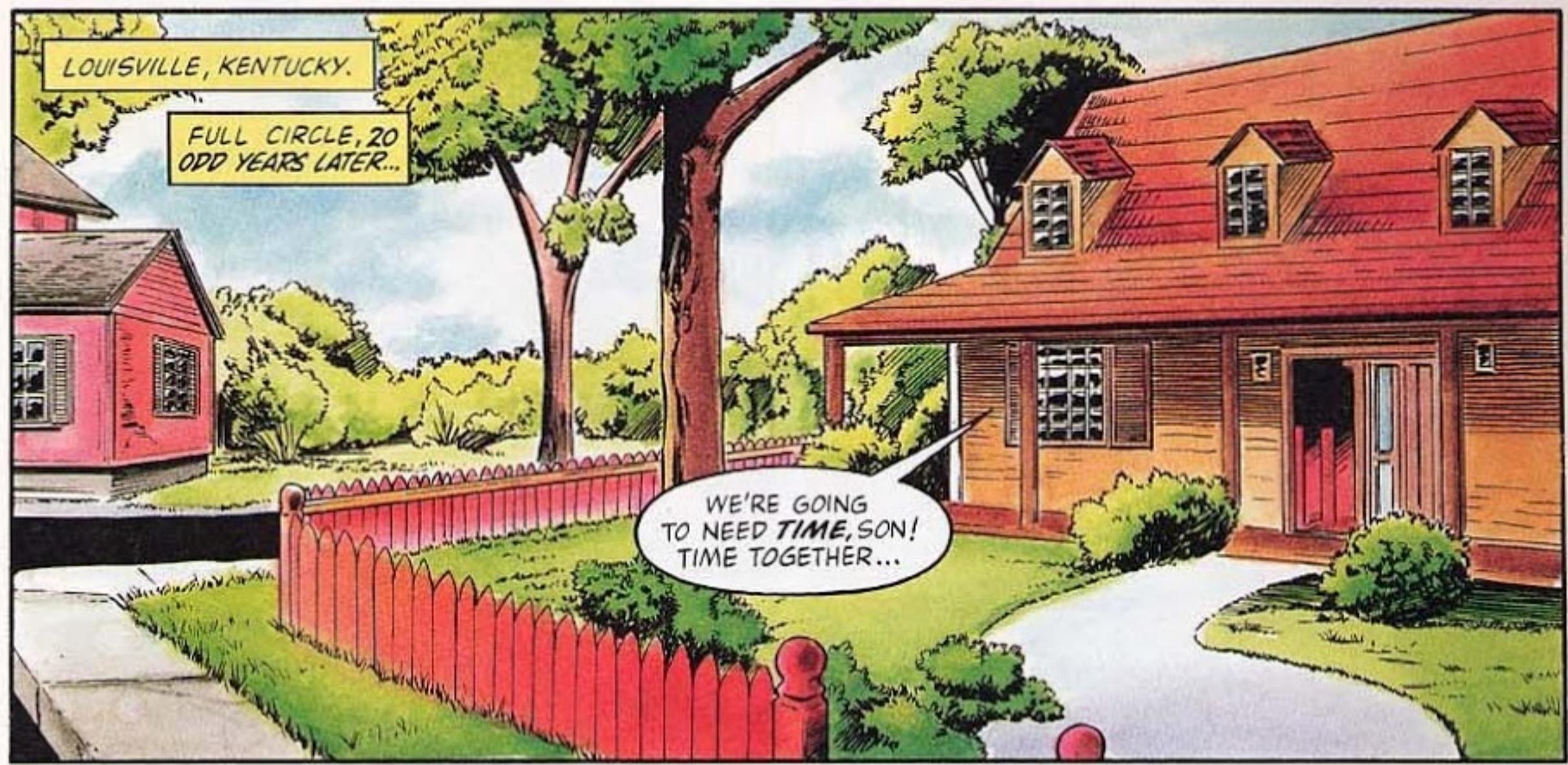


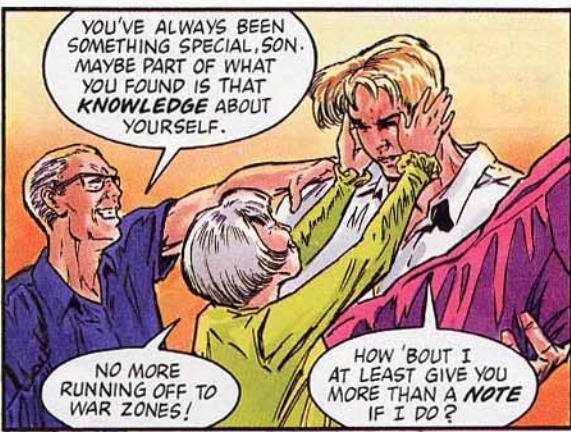
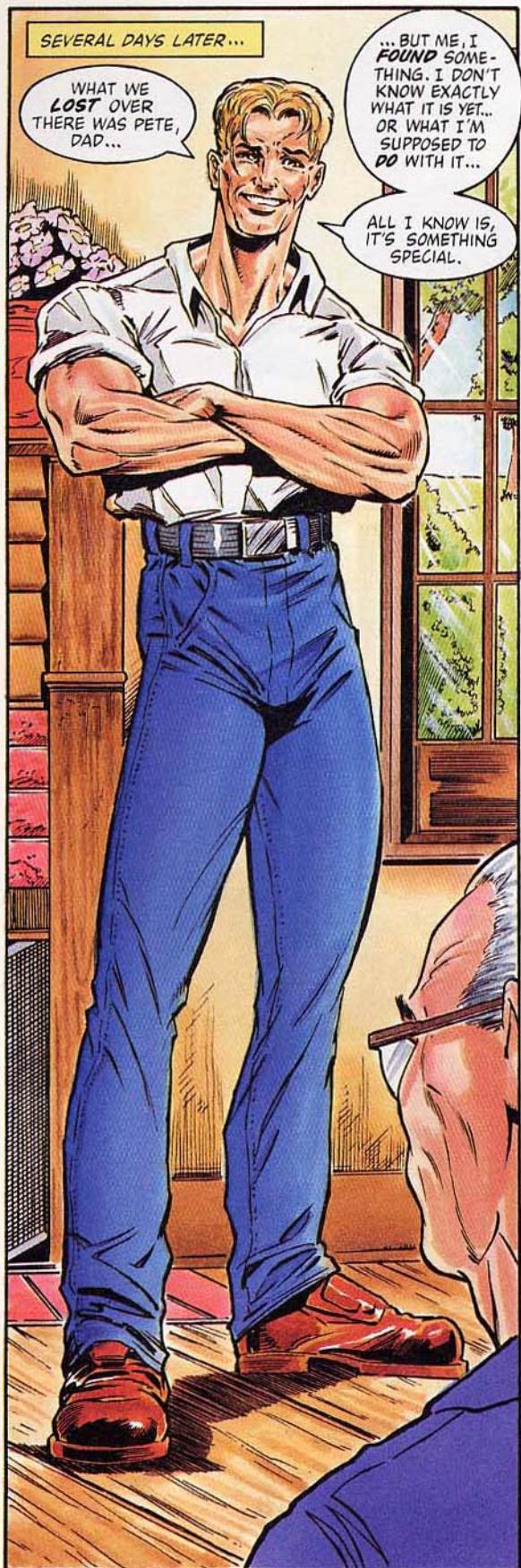












NEXT: CHARLEMAGNE VS. WAR DANCER IN  
"THE DANCE OF ETERNITY!"